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Screenland

PLUS

TV-LAND



KIM NOVAK

**Rita Hayworth's
comeback story!**



**Natalie Wood: Don't
call her "wholesome"**



**Sal Mineo:
What's his line?**

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and \$1
A WEEK

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You can now own this amazing portable Remington Rand Typewriter for just \$1.00 per week. This world renowned beautiful quiet typewriter will be sent to you factory sealed and 100% fully guaranteed in an attractive carrying case. You will also receive a simplified typing instruction book so that you can easily learn how to type in your own home. No expensive lessons are necessary. Thousands upon thousands have increased their earning power this way. And if you act right now, we will also send you a booklet "HOW TO EARN MONEY AT HOME WITH YOUR TYPEWRITER." Let the typewriter pay for itself and still show you a good profit. This offer is for persons over 21 who are employed or any housewife. Just think what this means to any high school boy or girl or for those going to college. It will help them considerable in their schooling and to earn higher grades. But you must act fast as the quicker you order the quicker you will get your typewriter. Send \$1.00 with your order. The dollar will be credited to your account or will be refunded if you are not satisfied. This may prove the best buy you ever made . . . Rush \$1.00 Now!

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Purchaser agrees to pay the balance due hereunder in 35 equal monthly installments of \$4.33, and a final payment of \$4.15 which shall be payable on the 10th day of each month hereafter until paid in full, and agrees that if any payment is not made within 10 days after the date when due, Remington Rand may declare the total unpaid balance due and payable forthwith. As an alternative Remington Rand may elect to demand the immediate return of the equipment which will be delivered by the undersigned forthwith upon such demand. In the event that collection of the unpaid balance, or the return of the equipment is referred to an attorney or a collection agency, purchaser agrees to pay all collection or repossession expenses and charges in connection therewith.

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Purchaser agrees to keep the equipment in good condition and assumes full responsibility for same, including its loss by theft, damage or destruction.

The undersigned purchaser agrees to accept delivery of the above mentioned equipment upon acceptance of this agreement by Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation and acknowledges receipt of a copy of this agreement.

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2. Home Telephone Number		
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Zone	2
State	NEW JERSEY
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Signature of Guarantor	City or Town
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	State
Name of bank	
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Name	Address
Account number, if any	Balance due?
Name	Address
Account number, if any	Balance due?
Name	Address
Account number, if any	Balance due?
PERSONAL REFERENCES:	
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Names of nearest relative not living with you	
Address	Relationship
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	Zone
	State

☐ I enclose \$132.57 payment in full. Ship prepaid.

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☐ Check here if you want Pica type.

Do not write in this space	
Due Date	Account Number

EQUIPMENT DESCRIPTION	
	SERIAL NUMBER
Delivery Address if Other Than Address Below	
Purchaser shall make all payments directly to: Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation.	

USE SEPARATE PAPER IF NECESSARY TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

Total Price	\$132.57
Less Cash and/or Trade-in Allowance	— \$ 1.00
Deferred Balance	\$131.57
Service Charge	+ \$24.13
Contract Balance Payable in Installments	\$155.70

"Whatever became of the girl

FEB -4 1957

I married?"



They say one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers' case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn't want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame.

Why risk offending? Listerine stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

By far the most common cause of bad breath is germs—germs that ferment protein always present in the mouth. Research

proves that, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. And Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact—by millions.



No tooth paste or non-antiseptic mouthwash kills germs the way Listerine does

Non-antiseptic tooth pastes, mouthwashes and "breath fresheners" can't kill germs the way Listerine does. You need an antiseptic to kill germs. Listerine IS an antiseptic—and that's why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle with Listerine full-strength to keep breath fresher, longer.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

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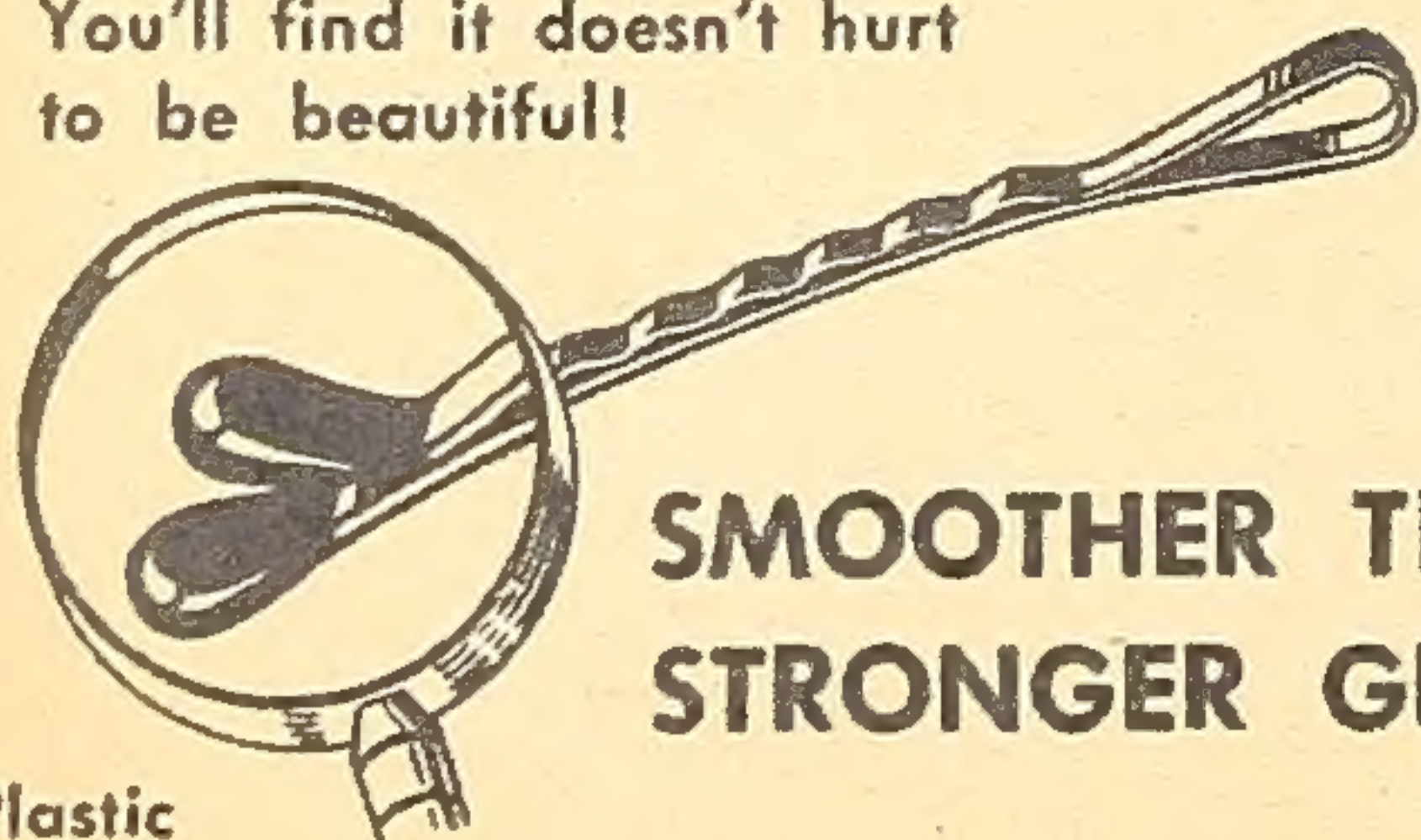


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10¢ AND 25¢ PER CARD

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STRONGER GRIP

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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Nine, Number Eleven

March, 1957

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ON THE COVER: KIM NOVAK, STARRING IN COLUMBIA'S
"THE JEANNE EAGELS STORY"

NED L. PINES
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The "Many Splendored"
star more beautiful
and romantic than ever!

The "Many Splendored"
star more beautiful
and romantic than ever!

Oh, Robert do you know
what you've done for me?
I wanted to live eagerly
desperately, passionately—
but only because life
meant you... you! The
sight of your face, the
sound of your voice and
the touch of your hand
Oh and so much more
than that Elizabeth

M-G-M presents

JENNIFER JONES
JOHN GIELGUD

BILL TRAVERS · VIRGINIA McKENNA

IN
THE BARRETT'S
OF
WIMPOLE STREET

M-G-M's NEW CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR PRODUCTION

Screen Play by JOHN DIGHTON • From the Play by Rudolf Besier • Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST
AN M-G-M PICTURE

Wait...
Wait...
Wait...



Why?

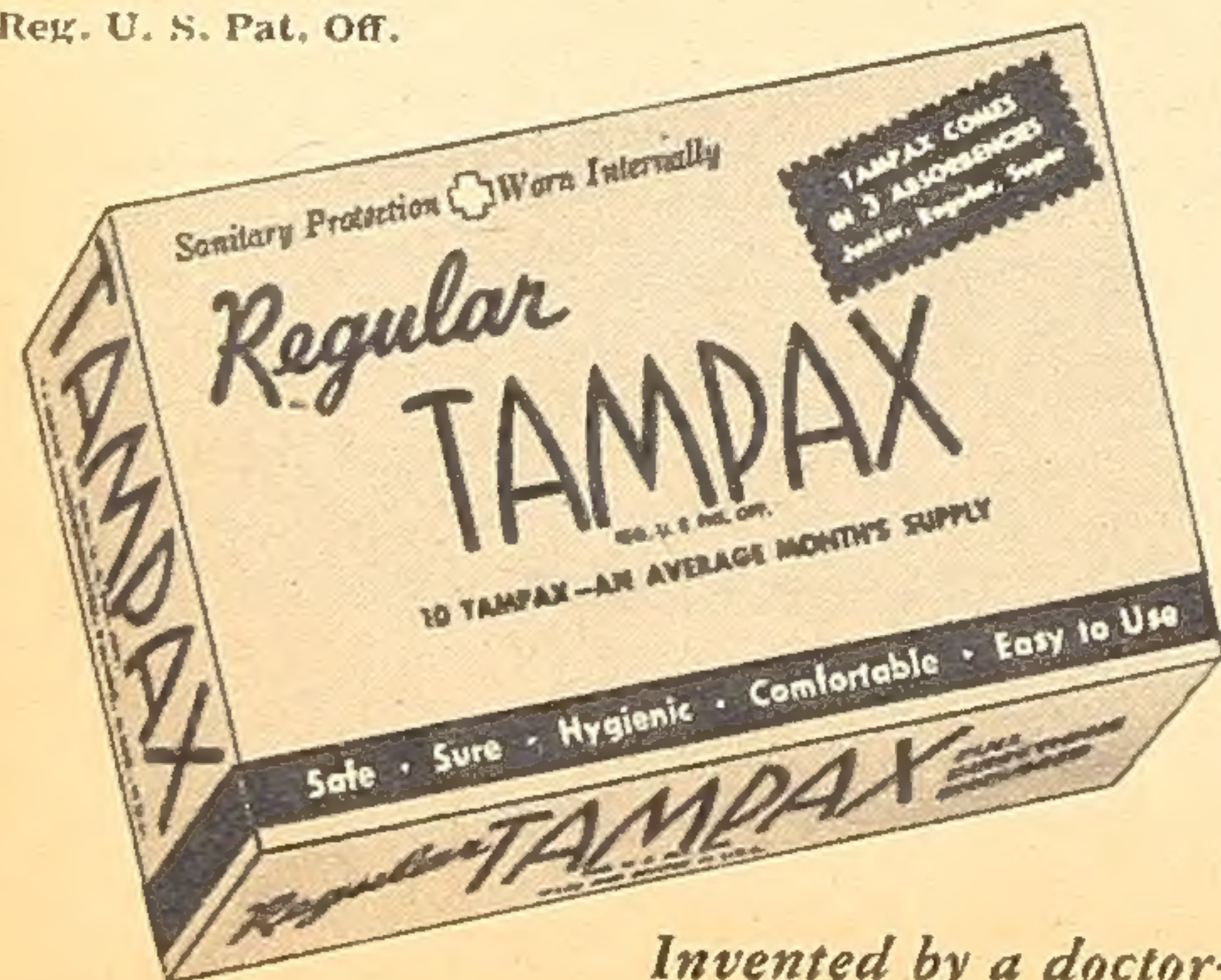
There's absolutely no reason why every normal woman, married or unmarried, shouldn't use Tampax. Millions and millions of women all over the world, have used billions of doctor-invented Tampax. Why shouldn't you?

What are you waiting for? Why should you continue to play "martyr" when Tampax internal sanitary protection will make you less conscious of "time of the month" . . . permit you to continue all your normal activities unhampered by annoying reminders? It helps women to be carefree, poised. Why not you?

Just read a few of the many advantages you receive by using Tampax: No chafing! No belt-pin-pad harness! Can't feel Tampax when in place! No chance of odor forming! Easy to dispose of! Convenient to carry extras!

So do try Tampax this very month. You're the one who benefits! Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to provide for individual needs. At drug and notion counters everywhere. Economy package gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



HELLO, this is your Hollywood reporter, checking in with the latest Scam, Glam and Wham from the only city in the world, HOLLYWOOD.

Ava Gardner should have come and gone by the time you read this to get that I'll ole divorce from Frank Sinatra. They say that when it's all over she will sign her name Mrs. Walter Chiari. Whether it's Tom, Dick or Walter, here's hoping she finds the peace she seeks. She's a generous, big-hearted gal. . . . And Kim Novak was on the phone to say vehemently that she will not be wedding for a while. But if Count "Canned Tomato King" Bandini can wait, he might ring the bell and win the Prize. . . .

The reason Pier Angeli held back on the new baby announcement, there was a special picture she wanted to do first at MGM. But it's impossible to keep a stork secret in Hollywood. . . . Whether "The Sleeping Prince" is a hit or not, don't wait for Sir Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe to pair in a second picture. In spite of his repeated "Marilyn darlings"

he'll never forgive her for being late so many times to the set. Of course, if the picture is a hit, *everything* changes. . . . Diana Dors took a big loss selling the swank American car she ordered for herself and Dennis Hamilton in Hollywood. As of writing, she hasn't sold their \$175,000 mansion here. Diana will be back in the summer for another picture with RKO—if Dennis doesn't object.

Michael Wilding refuses to stay away from his two small children who are living with Elizabeth Taylor. In spite of the divorce filing, he's hoping against hope that she will one day realize he is the better Mike. . . . As for Mike Todd, he *does not* want to get married. And some people doubt whether that 30 carat \$100,000 ring he slipped on Elizabeth's best finger is the real McCoy. But Liz has never failed to get her man and if she wants Mr. Todd, he's as good as got.

The British agreed with me about Gregory Peck's "Moby Dick," which the New York press praised so extravagantly. I told Greg he was miscast as the psycho-

continued on page 8



SIGNED to a lucrative contract by 20th, Eva Marie Saint is congratulated by Jack Lemmon.



PREMIERE brings out the Curtises. Janet's still too busy being a Mom to resume career.

For the first time Alfred Hitchcock goes to real life for his thrills! It's all true and all suspense -- the all-'round biggest Hitchcock hit ever to hit the screen! Warner Bros. present **HENRY FONDA, VERA MILES** and the exciting city of New York in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

The Wrong Man

Somewhere...
somewhere...
there
must be
the right
man!



CHALLENGE! If you don't believe that this weird and unusual story actually happened, see the records of Queens County Court, N.Y., Apr. 21, 1953 Indictment #271/53, "The Balestrero Case"

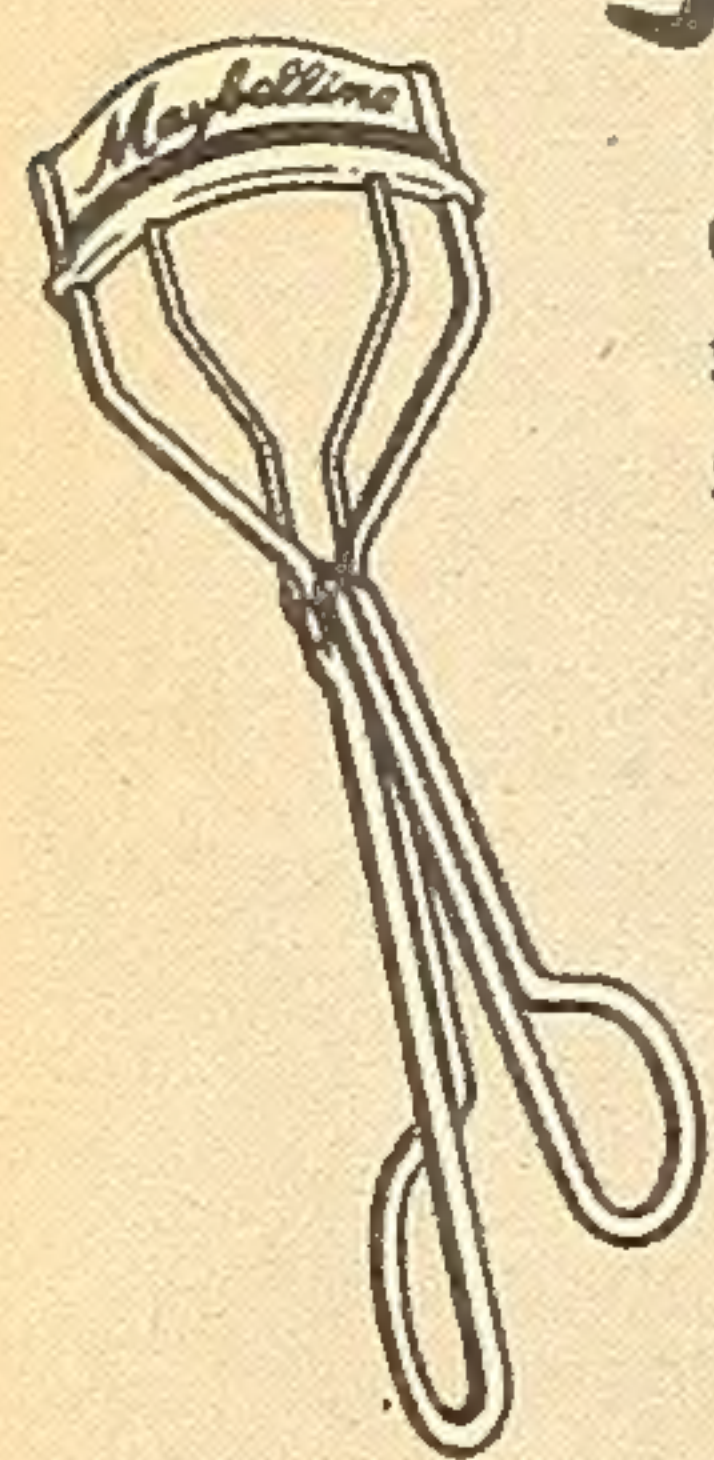
also starring ANTHONY QUAYLE • Screen Play by Maxwell Anderson and Angus MacPhail
MUSIC BY BERNARD HERRMANN • Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK



LOOK...



what's new in eye beauty!



Look prettier—through curly lashes in just seconds—with the new soft-cushion

Maybelline
PROFESSIONAL
EYELASH CURLER

naturally,
\$1 it's the best...
gold plated

Molded Cushion refill, only 10¢

You must try the wonderful new

Maybelline
AUTOMATIC
EYEBROW PENCIL

never needs sharpening—spring-locked crayon can't fall out...

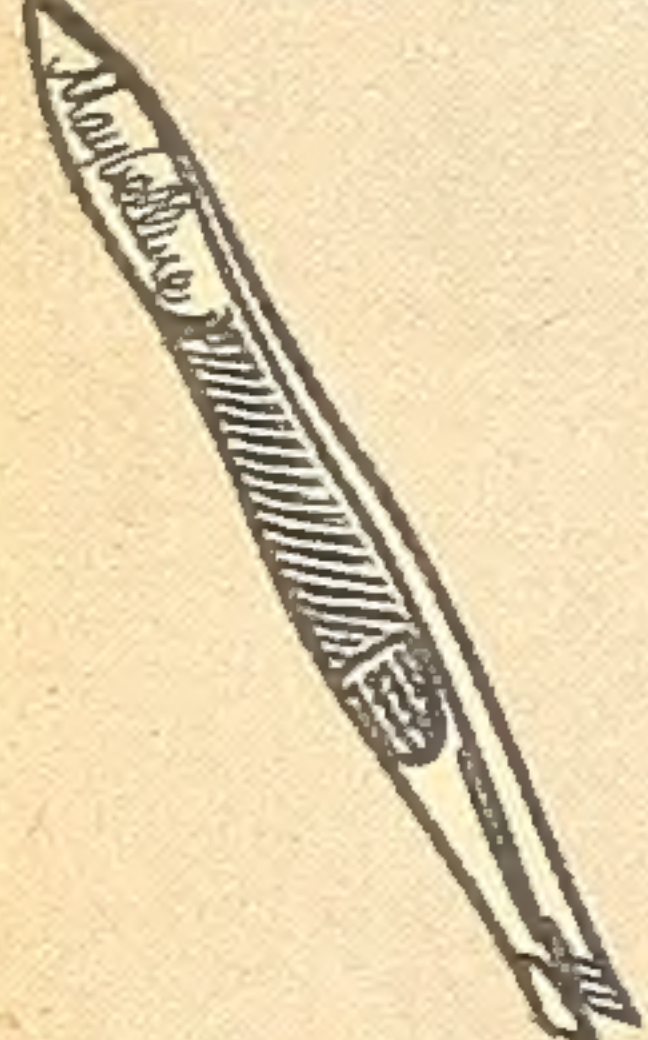
Velvet Black, Dark or Light Brown, and now in Dove Grey or Auburn...

39¢ for two long-lasting refills



79¢

Tweeze with ease—with the new silvery



Maybelline

EYEBROW TWEEZERS

designed with a grip that can't slip—straight or slant edge... 29¢

Last but not least—the world-famous

Maybelline
MASCARA

for long, dark, velvety lashes—Solid Form in gorgeous gold-plated vanity case—or Cream Form in smart kit



\$1.25

Maybelline

SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

pathic Captain Ahab. As one British writer put it, "All that money and talent squandered." I hope he gets back soon to loverboy roles. . . . Merle Oberon called Hollywood "a dead city," until she realized our taxes weren't as dead weight as in England. Then she came to life and made plans to make another movie here. . . . Jerry Lewis, usually so punctual about benefits, slept until 2 p.m. on the morning he was supposed to entertain YMCA kids in the Hollywood Bowl. He was so embarrassed he stayed hidden for 2 days. . . . Elvis Presley's next at 20th will have more emoting, less gyrating. Don't be surprised if Elvis plays Hamlet. He's got the acting bug—bad.

Vera-Allen should know better than to raffle her \$1500 dress at an auction in Scotland. The unworn new gown brought less than a hundred dollars. But this pretty gal is so thin, who else could wear it? . . . Tyrone Power will need another bank account to marry for the third time. First time out with Annabella cost him \$50,000 a year. Linda Christian will get one million by the time the tallies are in. No wonder Ty shies away from the nuptial knot with all those European beauties he's been dating from Mai Zetterling to Jill Medford.

Joanne Dru came out of her marriage with John Ireland somewhat poorer than when she went in. John didn't get any money either—it was invested in their Arizona Racquet Club. . . . Rock Hudson refused to do a "Person-to-Person" for Ed Murrow, claiming that what little he had left of privacy belonged to him and wife Phyllis. For the same reason he won't allow Phyl to give interviews such as "Why I Love Rock Hudson." This sort of thing almost wrecked Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—until Tony's psychiatrist told him to stop talking. . . . Clark Gable will be a bit leery of attending premieres in the future. He's still recovering from the



GROWING UP. Maureen Ann McNulty, daughter of Ann Blyth, is now one year old.

mauling he received at "The Ten Commandments" premiere by a middle-aged lady admirer.

Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher have inherited the "Every Party and Dance" tag formerly held by Jeanne Craig and Paul Brinkman, and before them, Esther Williams and Ben Gage. . . . Tired man at his own parties—Jack Benny, who hates to stand for four hours at a stretch. But he gives lovely wingdings, so they go on and on. . . . Yvonne DeCarlo calls spade a spade and a stunt man, a stunt—even if he's her own husband. She doesn't get nervous when he gets hit by plane or falls off a cliff—"As long as I don't see it." Yvonne, thank goodness, one mother here who loves to show pictures of her baby son—and she doesn't wait for you to ask, or whether in the dark or light. Out come the cute snapshots. Bully for her.

Doris Day, back at Warner Bros. for "The Pajama Game," is being a little difficult again, according to the studio grapevine.

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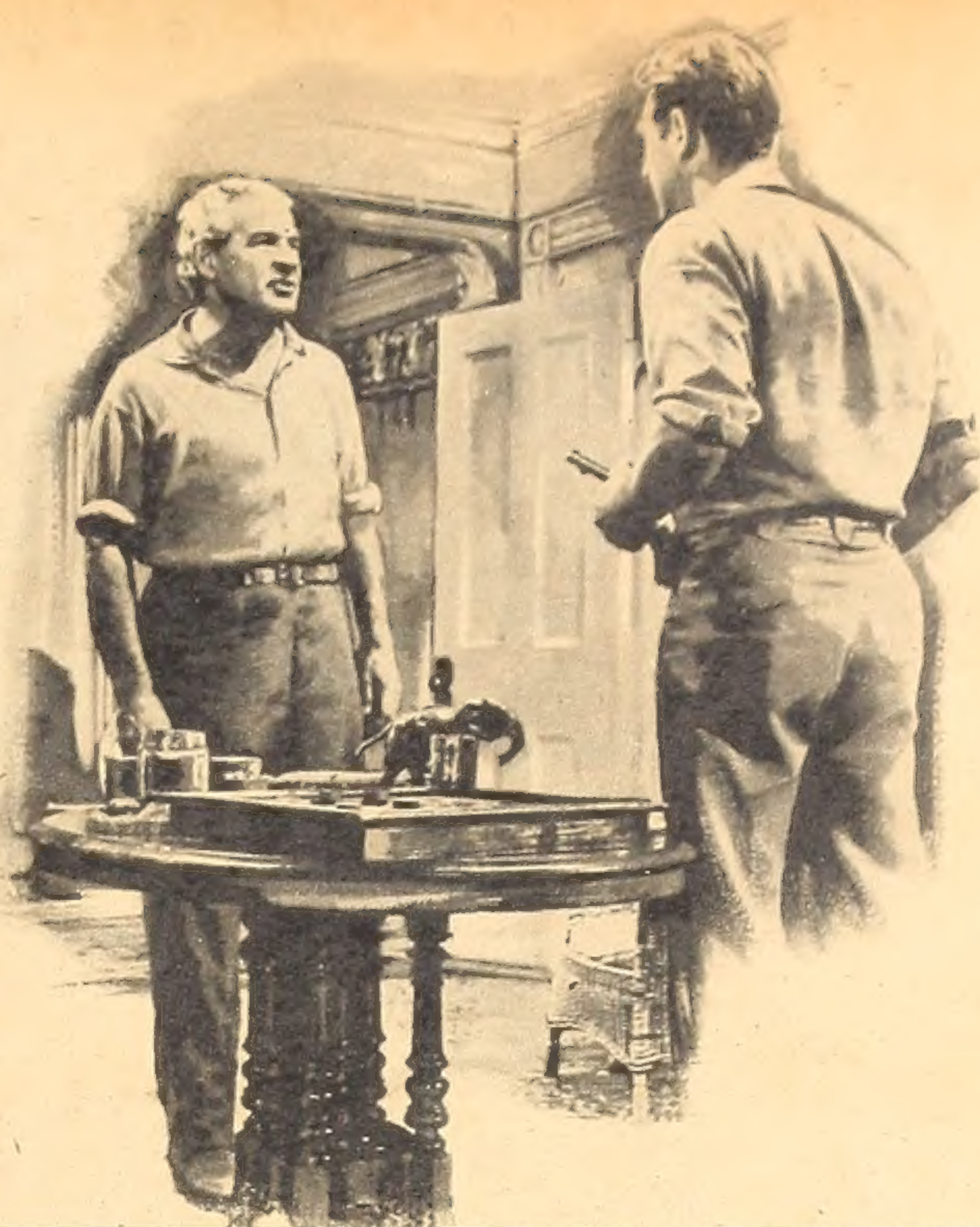


COMMUTERS from Latin America, Terry Moore and Eugene McGrath attend premiere.

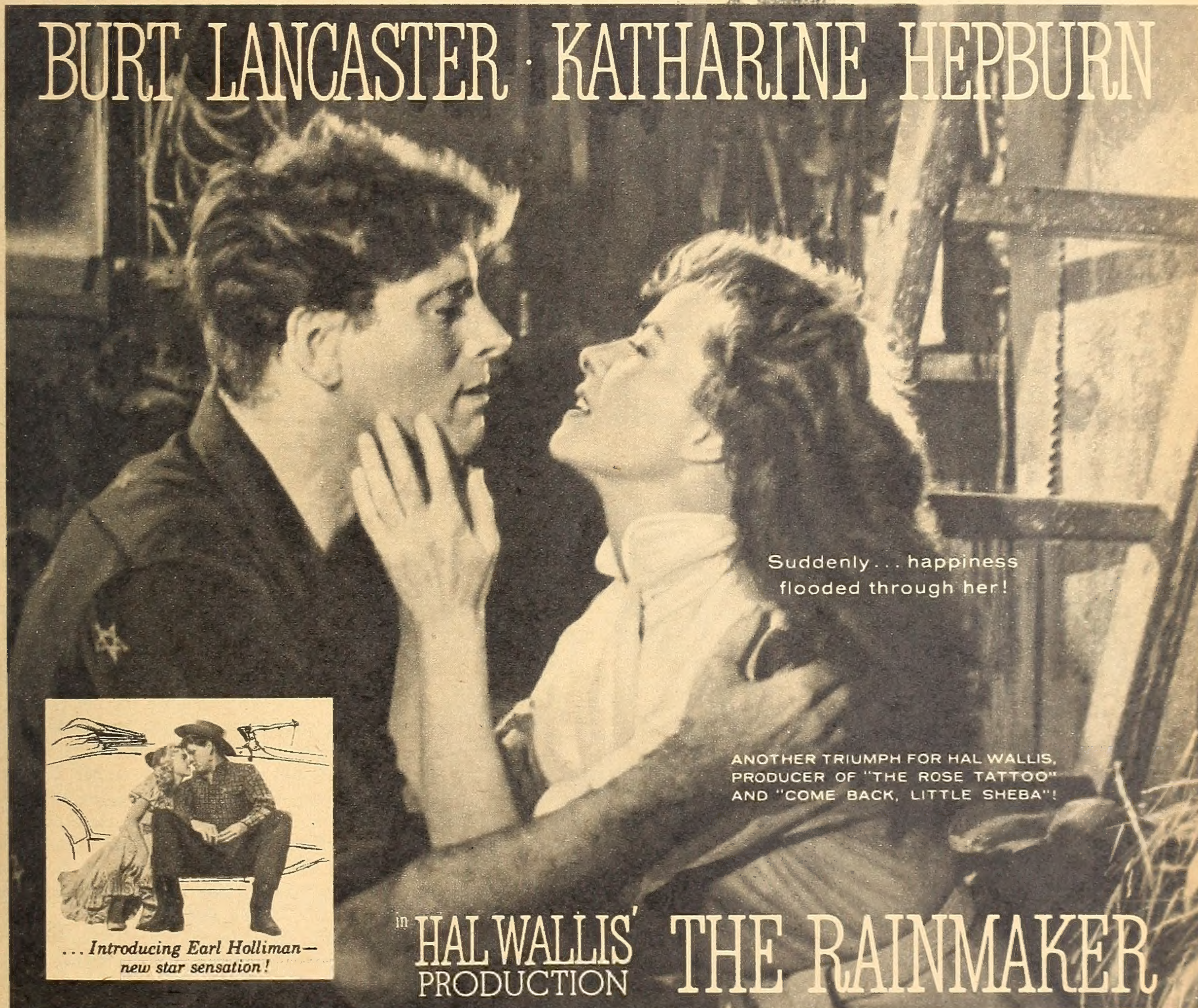


INTERMISSION during premiere finds Burt Cooper and Lori Nelson chatting in the lobby.

"LEAVE THEM ALONE, SON!
*Your sister's got to have her minute
of happiness—with him
talkin' quiet and his hand
touchin' her face! And if you
go out there and shorten the
time they have together—I swear I'll
come after you with a whip!"*



BURT LANCASTER · KATHARINE HEPBURN



Suddenly... happiness
flooded through her!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR HAL WALLIS,
PRODUCER OF "THE ROSE TATTOO"
AND "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA"!



... Introducing Earl Holliman—
new star sensation!

in **HAL WALLIS'**
PRODUCTION

THE RAINMAKER

VISTAVISION

Co-starring

TECHNICOLOR®

WENDELL COREY · LLOYD BRIDGES · EARL HOLLIMAN · CAMERON PRUD'HOMME

Directed by Joseph Anthony · Screenplay by N. Richard Nash Based on his play produced on the New York stage · Music Score by Alex North · A Paramount Picture



HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

vine. She was so cooperative at MGM. What happened? If I have the nerve, I'll ask her next time I see her. . . . Did you know that John Wayne is the highest salaried star in Hollywood? Before deductions he receives \$600,000 per film. But no one seems to know when John's "Jet Pilot" will be released. It was started 'way back in 1948. Duke's marriage with Pilar Palette is a joy to behold. They're sooo congenial. . . .

Audie Murphy, insisting on a vacation after two years of non-stop emoting, can't decide where to spend it—on his \$150,000 ranch, or on his boat. The little war hero is making a fortune for his studio—and himself, I hope. It doesn't always follow. . . . Van Johnson was a sick boy on location with his last picture in Spain. And it may be his last there. The food was too rich for his simpler tastes. I didn't hear of wife Evie being there with him, but if she was, you can bet she sailed through everything like a breeze. This gal is strong.

I wonder who Joan Crawford meant when she told a reporter that after 74 movies she had only met one actor who was an absolute stinker. All she would reveal was "He's an ex-boxer and I thought he was unnecessarily brutal during the film. He hurt people." I guess I know—but I'm not talking. . . . Susan Hayward is still playing the field. I see her mostly with her agent, Hugh French, but she's on guard against marriage, that's for sure. (This is her cue to elope with a Mr. Nobody tomorrow.) . . . Talking of gals and fellers, Tab Hunter is more interested in dancer Jan Chaney than any other female here. "She understands the problems of



TABLE souvenir at party intrigues songbird Dinah Shore and hubby George Montgomery.

my work," he confided. He smiled when I mentioned Natalie Wood and said, "She's wonderful but she wants to sow a few wild oats before she settles down." How about that Mr. Presley? Elvis says he isn't in the marrying mood. But I believe Nat could change his mind. . . . And talking of marriage, the most stubborn hold-out in Hollywood is handsome, busy Richard Egan. With the money and position he has earned now, he could have married Ann Sothorn. Only he didn't have it then when he had it bad for Annie.

Robert Mitchum set the acting profession back 50 years when he related, "I learned about acting from Rin Tin Tin. What timing that dog had." Wife Dorothy has even better timing. This marriage, after some bad storms, seems to be in a safe harbor. . . .

Why, oh why, is Yul Brynner wearing



WITH wife Pilar, John Wayne boards a ship in New York en route to Europe for a U.A. film.

a black wig for "The Buccaneer"? He's the only man in the world who looks better bald as an egg. But with or without hair, Yul can always put my heart in high gear. . . . Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer are sailing into the third year of the marriage their critics said wouldn't last. She told me that the printed stories (not by me, I know better) that she and Mel had fought to a fare-thee-well over who should drive their new Thunderbird are absolutely untrue. "In the first and last place, I can't drive," she clinched. . . . Who owns the most autos in Hollywood? Of course, Elvis has five Cadillacs, but they're for business. Jack Warner does all right with three autos—including an English Bentley that set him back \$17,000. But don't ask him about the Alfa-Romeo that he bought in Italy for \$13,000. He didn't care for the engine, so replaced it with that of a Cadillac at a cost of \$5,000. Then sold the whole shebang to Jack Webb for \$4,000. Gary Cooper has two Bentleys—each cost \$21,000. . . . Debbie and Eddie would like to co-star in a filmed television show. And it reads like a very good idea.

Jayne Mansfield is getting a medal from the press boys at 20th Century-Fox for her swell cooperation. This beautiful blonde is always good for a story and never too tired to pose for her picture or give an interview. Jayne has dated Robert Wagner and director Nick Ray, but her heart still belongs chiefly to Mr. Universe, Mickey Hargitay. After a few more pictures, I think they'll tie the knot. . . . "I'm not the playboy people think I am. I'm the shy type," said actor Ron Randall, after calling the press to announce he was dating Rita Hayworth. . . . And talking of Rita, she can be friendly with ex-husband, Prince Aly Khan, because she doesn't give two hoots about him or his love life, which one day is on with model Bettina, the next day off. As of this second, it's on. Rita will be back in Hollywood for "Pal Joey" in February. And if writer Peter Viertel arrives with her, you can chalk him up as husband number five.



PROUD PARENTS Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger present their new daughter, Tracy.

*my father know me?
big laugh...
the only time I see him
is at the
dinner table—
or when
he wants
to
bawl me
out*

*seventeen isn't an
age... it's an eternity...
nobody knows you... you
hardly know yourself*



RKO RADIO PICTURES presents
THE YOUNG STRANGER

STARRING **JAMES MacARTHUR • KIM HUNTER • JAMES DALY**
WITH **JAMES GREGORY • WHIT BISSELL • JEFF SILVER**

Written by ROBERT DOZIER • Produced by STUART MILLAR • Directed by JOHN FRANKENHEIMER



Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Three Brave Men

WHENEVER our nation's security is threatened, safety measures are hastily instituted to ferret out spies and traitors. In the zeal to protect our liberties, innocent people occasionally have been accused of being communists. One of these people is played by Ernest Borgnine, a civilian worker for the U. S. Navy Department. Defending him is Washington attorney Ray Milland who willingly hazards his reputation to get proof of Borgnine's loyalty to his country. Also concerned with clearing up this crippling injustice are Dean Jagger, Frank Lovejoy, a Navy captain, and Nina Foch, a WAVE lieutenant. Well-told and excellently acted drama that admits mistakes do happen but courage and determination are effective weapons against blind prejudice and hearsay. (20th Century-Fox.)

Rock, Pretty Baby

IF nothing else, this shows that all teenagers aren't juvenile delinquents. True, the kids get a weensy bit out of hand at times, but, hah-hah-hah, it's all good,

clean, boisterous mayhem. Actually John Saxon, who looks too pretty to be for real, is so wrapped up in making with the rock 'n' roll beat, he hasn't time for much else. His parents are perfectly nice, he has Luana Patten as a steady date, and—who else at the age of 18 has a band with a real crazy drummer—Sal Mineo. The only problem this cool cat has is to get ahead in the music business, and because success isn't dished out to him on a gilt platter, Saxon suffers like mad. Nothing about Saxon is very conducive to dredging up sympathy, somehow you just don't give a darn. Everyone else does a neat enough job in the film, including young Mineo, who looks quite scant in bathing trunks. (Universal-International.)

The Wrong Man

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence is a potent weapon against crime but often it can weave and twist a net of guilt around an innocent person. A victim of mistaken identity, musician Henry Fonda faces the grim prospect of serving a prison term while the guilty man goes free. Needing money to pay off a dentist



TENSE southern drama, "Baby Doll" stars Carroll Baker as young bride of an older man.

bill for wife Vera Miles, Fonda tries to borrow cash on his insurance policy. While in the office, a clerk identifies him as a hold-up man who had recently robbed the company for the second time. Several other people identify Fonda, too. Then, as the topper, his printing and mis-spelling is similar to the bandit's. Nor can the protesting Fonda produce witnesses or proof that he was nowhere near the scene of the crimes at the time they occurred. With the odds so heavily stacked against him, what can a man do? In this case—nothing, except pray and hope. A fact-detective suspense thriller that bears the unmistakable skillful touch of Alfred Hitchcock. (Warner Bros.)

Baby Doll

RECKING with atmosphere, and introducing gusty tidbit Carroll Baker, this is the latest slice of moldy Southern cornpone served up by Tennessee Williams and Elia Kazan. Married to ripe 19-year-old Carroll, Karl Malden's relationship with his bride is in name only. Naturally, this look-but-don't-touch status upsets Malden. He'd like to be a proper husband but il 'ole Carroll is balking at the prospect of cosying up to a balding, bankrupt spouse. Using the direct approach to bring business to his defunct cotton gin, Malden burns down competitor Eli Wallach's thriving gin. Wallach puts two and two together: Malden and an empty kerosene can. Using Carroll to get at the truth, the Sicilian is able to pin the goods on Malden. With him out of the picture, Carroll and Wallach are free to

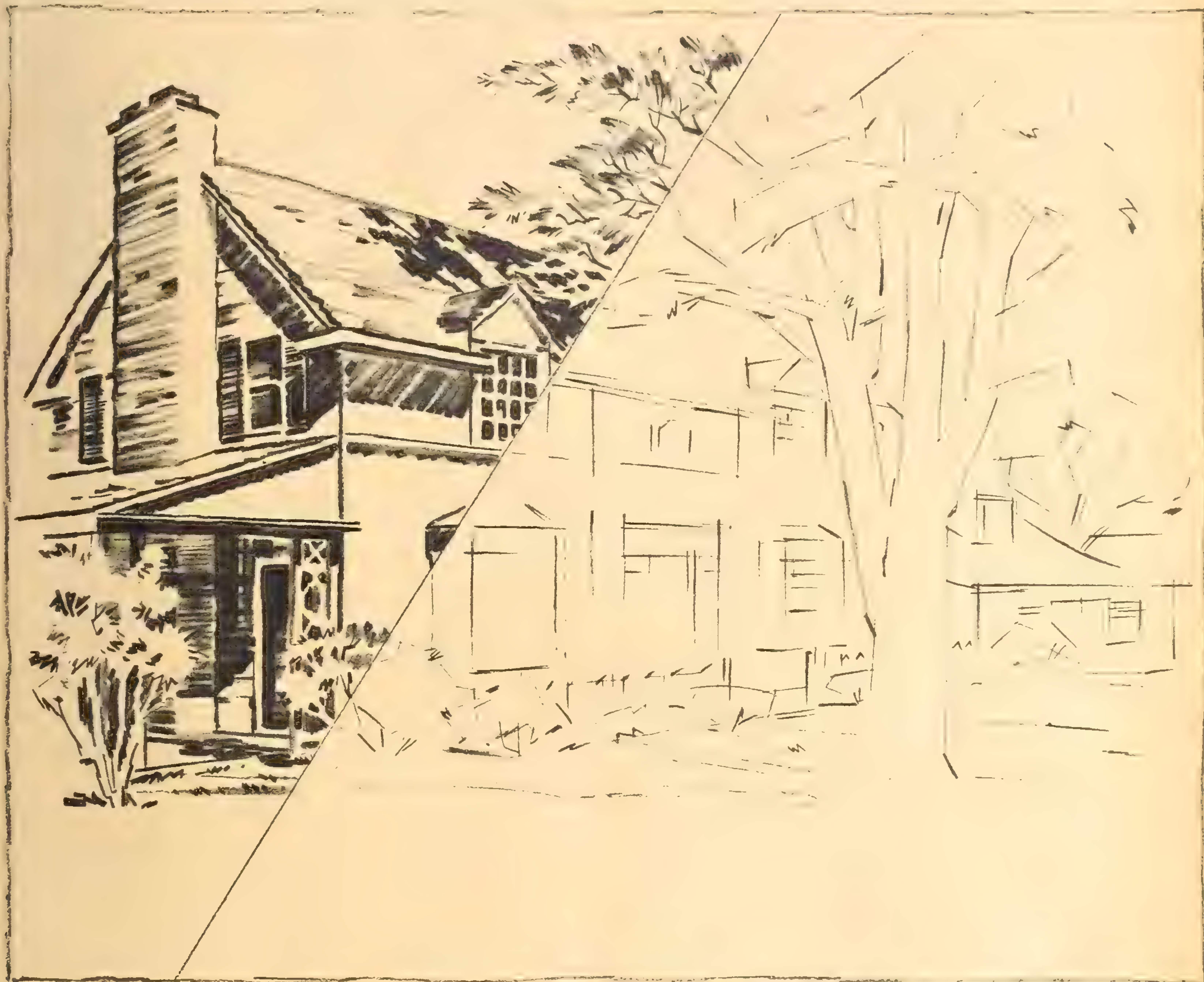
continued on page 74



FALSELY accused of a crime, Henry Fonda reassures wife Vera Miles in "The Wrong Man."

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

SENTIMENTAL ROCK—Never underestimate the sentimental streak in a guy named Rock Hudson. He was determined to find a really unique first anniversary gift for Phyllis and did. But it wasn't easy. He had a commercial photographer come to the house and spend a whole afternoon taking pictures of Phyllis' pet miniature poodle "Demi"—and he had to time this when Phyl would be away. Then he had the pictures mounted in a beautiful hand-tooled green and gold leather scrap book, and Rock captioned each one himself. Phyl's present to Rock, a pair of gold cuff links engraved with musical notes which spell out a message. Rock won't tell what it says but admits that it's sentimental.

TWOSOMES—At the very, very swank anniversary party given for the Hudsons by Rock's agent Henry Willson, Rhonda Fleming with her Dr. Lew Morrill—they've reconciled again; Martha Hyer with George Nader—they still date frequently. Diana Lynn was radiantly happy with Morty Hall; she had just announced her forthcoming marriage to Morty, former husband of Ruth Roman. Diana Dors, who had just admitted her separation from husband Dennis Hamilton, was escorted by Rad Fulton. At this party no one pushed the busty Britisher into the pool! Incidentally, Diana and

Dennis are now in London and trying to work out a reconciliation. Rock told us now that he has some time off between pictures he's given up the idea of a trip because he decided he'd get a better rest at home. So that's where he's relaxing, also working on his back yard and re-doing the patio. This is rest?

WOOD'S WORD—Natalie Wood, never adverse to publicity, nevertheless went into a verbal tailspin after a columnist printed that she and John Ireland were "romancing." Nat vowed they had merely been at the same dinner party, but that she wasn't his date nor had they had any other dates. Could she be worried that Elvis might object? Incidentally, she had lots of mail from fans saying they didn't like the idea of her "chasing" after Presley all the way to Memphis. Nat just bought a big new house for herself and her family, so don't hold your breath waiting for her to marry.

BOONE FOR "BERNARDINE"—Pat Boone, Elvis' strongest rival in you-know-what field, has also succumbed to Hollywood's blandishments and signed for two films a year at 20th Century-Fox, so the two rivals will be on the same lot! Pat's first will be "Bernardine" in which he'll be teamed with Terry Moore. How's that for a sizzling combo? And guess

who'll be Pat's mother? Janet Gaynor, who comes out of an 18-year retirement for this! Pat wouldn't sign a picture contract until he had finished another term at Columbia University.

INTERNATIONAL DATE—Dennis Hopper, busy portraying Napoleon in Warners' "Story Of Mankind," has flipped over Etchika Choureau, the pert little French girl at the same studio for "Lafayette Escadrille." He speaks no French, she no English, but through an interpreter he invited her for a date and got his pal, George Stevens Jr., to invite Etchika's secretary-companion along for a foursome. They all went down to Olvera Street, in the Mexican section, for frijoles and cha-cha-cha. Oh, yes. They all speak a little Spanish!

TONY'S GALS—No doubt about it, Tony Perkins is one of the most popular young bachelors in town these days. Despite his heavy work schedule—he goes from one film to another at Paramount, now "The Tin Star" with Henry Fonda—he manages time for dating. Now that Norma Moore is in New York—they were "steadies" before she went East—Tony has resumed squiring Elaine Aiken, who was his favorite date before Norma. But he's also dating Barbara Rush! And he does find time to write Norma often!

ANOTHER CHAMPION—All of Marge and Gower Champion's friends were confident their baby would be a boy and they weren't disappointed when Gregg Ernest was born. It was the dancing stars' first child after nine years of marriage. Marge was very calm, but Gower had a first-class case of fatherhood jitters and insisted on several trial runs to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to test time necessary for the trip! They made it!

ANOTHER "HE"?—When a friend asked Don Murray whether he and Hope Lange wanted a boy or a girl, Don replied, "I don't care what he is." "But you



UNDER approving eye of Mickey Hargitay, Jayne Mansfield shows off her new gold gown.



WEDDING bells are in the offing for Diana Lynn and Mortimer Hall, ex of Ruth Roman.



STARLET Dani Crayne, with escort George Nader, poses for photogs at the Deb Star Ball.



"FIRST YEAR" has been weathered very nicely by Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson.

refer to it as he!" the friend pointed out. "I guess I always do," said Don. But so far the Murrys haven't selected any names for their anticipated Spring arrival.

MOON'S INFLUENCE?—Joan Collins has said she'll marry Arthur Loew Jr. in June when her divorce will be final, but while Joan was locationing in Barbados for "Island In The Sun," she was having lotsa dates with English actor Stephen Boyd, also in the cast. Maybe that Caribbean moon got them crooning calypsos to each other! Joan has decided a "wolf whistle" is the same in any language because when she appeared in her Bikini on Barbados beaches the whistles were exactly the same as they would be had she been back in Beverly Hills!

YOUNG DUO—A new twosome in the younger ranks is John Saxon and Luana Patten. Remember Luana when she was a child star for Walt Disney? Now she's grown up, and she and John were teamed in "Rock, Pretty Baby." And John is the new "white hope" of his studio, U-I, where he's expected to hit popularity peaks in the manner of Tony Curtis and Rock Hudson. Incidentally, another young actor to watch is Robert Ivers who is under contract at Paramount where the top brass say he's their answer to the late James Dean!

WATCH THESE TWO—Make yourself a note to watch the career of Gia Scala, a real doll. Her mother is Irish, her father Italian; she was born in England, grew up in Italy, has a fascinating accent, chestnut hair, blue eyes. Gia looks a little like a young Ingrid Bergman, facially, and like any sexy Italian beauty below the neck! Now 21, she lived in New York five years and studied drama there before she was signed by U-I, where she made her film debut with George Nader in "Four Girls On The Town." But she's so "hot" a property that Columbia bought half her contract and gave her a really "meaty" *continued on page 16*

ROCKABY LULLABY BLUES • BIG BAND ROCK'N ROLL • TEEN AGE BOP • ROCK • ROCKIN' THE BOOGIE
WHAT'S IT GONNA BE • JUKE BOX ROCK • LIGHT BLUE • DARK BLUE • KOOL KID • ROCK • THE MOST

JUST LIKE THEIR **MUSIC...**
THEIR **LIVES** ARE
THEIR VERY OWN!



SAL MINEO
...as great as he was in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant"!



JOHN SAXON
...the sensational new star of "THE UNGUARDED MOMENT!"



LUANA PATTEN
...the year's brightest, most exciting new find!

The whole wonderful story of today's tempestuous teen-agers told the way they want it told... with all the excitement of rock and roll, with all the laughter and heartache of growing up!






A Universal International Picture starring
SAL MINEO • JOHN SAXON • LUANA PATTEN
with EDWARD C. PLATT • FAY WRAY • ROD McKUEN

Directed by RICHARD BARTLETT Written by HERBERT MARGOLIS and WILLIAM RAYNOR Produced by EDMOND CHEVIE

CAN I STEAL A LITTLE LOVE • PICNIC BY THE SEA

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

role in "Garment Center." While locationing for that back in New York, she dated co-player Kerwin Mathews a lot, showing him the town; it was his first visit. Kerwin is the Wisconsin lad who was signed for the lead in "Joseph And His Brethren," but the film wasn't made and he's been waiting around. Now the personable Mathews gets his start and watch him go, go, go! He's handsome, a bachelor and a well-trained actor.

MORE YOUNG FACES—Roger Smith, Victoria Shaw's bridegroom, finally got his career going with one of the three male leads in "The Young Rebels," and finished in time to join Victoria on that promised trip to Australia to meet her family. Roger was signed last year by Columbia but had to do TV roles waiting for this big break. By the way, Roger, Bob Ivers and Lucy Marlowe all studied drama together at the University of Arizona and Roger has had as a house guest another classmate, Bill Hafford, who's also getting his Hollywood start with Hecht-Lancaster. Who says Hollywood isn't getting new talent?

ALL OVER—Cynthia Lemmon went to Las Vegas to establish residence for a quick Nevada divorce from Jack, a surprise to their friends who expected Cynthia to file in California where it takes a year for a final decree Efforts at reconciliation didn't work and Joanne Dru filed suit to divorce John Ireland. They were married seven years.

HAPPY AT HOME—Yvonne DeCarlo, just about the travelingest gal in town in her bachelor-girl days, has really become a domesticated stay-at-home since her marriage to Bob Morgan and the birth of their son Bruce. Yvonne went to New York, was so lonesome she

phoned home every night and after one week flew home! She has had some very enticing offers to make films in Europe but has turned them down. "I'll make those I can do here," she says firmly.

"MOM" WILLIAMS—Esther Williams is another one who hates separation from her Ben and their kids, so they usually go along with her on trips. While she was staging her big swim show in England, Esther engaged an English tutor for them and brought him back to the States. When she goes to Italy this Spring to make a film for U-I, the kids will traipse along, with their tutor. They'll continue schooling but still be with mom.

BABY TALK—Come next June, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone will welcome a brother or sister for little Perry Julie Adams insists her son, Stephen, already looks like daddy Ray Danton. Ray has snapped scores of pictures of his son, but thus far has resisted the temptation to buy the four-month-old a toy train Greg and Veronique Peck will take their four-month-old Tony to Spain with them this month. Greg goes to do "Thieves Market," his own production; Veronique and Tony go along for the ride Carroll "Baby Doll" Baker will have welcomed her own Baby Doll by the time you read this. Her husband is director Jack Garfein, who pampers his B. D. by serving her Sunday morning breakfasts in bed. Her favorite dish is strawberry waffles. That's what she said!

GOOD MARRIAGE—It's a pleasure to write about a happy marriage and such a one is that of Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley. Somehow they've always managed to make that old maxim "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" work for them, for their two careers have kept them separated as much as they've been together during their married life. But they always make sure they are together, with their two little girls, for holidays



NEWLYWEDS Donald O'Connor and Gloria Noble take in a bit of Hollywood social life.

and special events. For example, Deborah was in Trinidad for "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" and Tony has been in England, but came time for their 11th anniversary and Tony flew to Trinidad so they could celebrate together.

NOW "MRS. MILLER"—Marilyn Monroe insists that since her playwright husband, Arthur Miller, likes to live and work in Connecticut, the Eastern state will be their home and she'll come to Hollywood only when making a picture. She's due here about the time you read this. Marilyn says she'll also keep a small apartment in New York City, to use when she's studying at the Actors Studio.

MORE "TOGETHERNESS"—Since Roz Russell has signed for a full year with smash hit "Auntie Mame" on Broadway, she's transferred son Lance, now 13, to Buckley School there, and her producer-husband Fred Brisson will commute from coast to coast. His next project is "The Pajama Game" for Warner



USUALLY seen with George Nader, Martha Hyer switches to Don Taylor for this date.



WHEN Ava Gardner returns here, her current boy friend, Walter Chiari, will be along too.



AGLOW with excitement, young Felicia Farr attends brilliant opening with Cliff Robertson.



MORE popular than ever since "Giant," Rock Hudson obligingly signs his autograph for fan.

Bros. which will bring Doris Day back to her old studio Bob Mitchum's wife Dorothy and their 4-year-old daughter Petrine went along with Bob to the West Indies for "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison." Little Petrine liked everything there except the beard her daddy had to grow for his role. "It scratches," she complained. Bob's been working 14 hours a day which left no time for cutting capers When Brenda Marshall said she was going to Ceylon with husband Bill Holden for "Bridge On The River Kwai," somebody got the idea she was coming out of retirement to play the femme lead, but Brenda put *that* straight in a hurry—she's going along just to be with Bill.

DEVOTION—Tab Hunter had to report every morning at 7 on location in Santa Maria, Cal., for "Lafayette Escadrille" and had to leave his motel a quarter-hour earlier. But his teenage fans up there got up even earlier. Each morning in the cold gray dawn there was a group of girls waiting to catch a glimpse of him as he headed for work! When Tab is home—he's been on location a lot recently—he still dates cute little Jan Chaney. Tab says he's going to take flying lessons as soon as he gets some time off. His studio doesn't like the idea!

DATA ON DATES—As soon as Ralph Meeker got back from New York he resumed dating Felicia Farr, gave her an amethyst pendant for her birthday May Wynn and Jack Kelly will have two wedding anniversaries; they had a civil ceremony in Arizona, then several days later, a church wedding here Mona Freeman is still Bob Wagner's regular date, but Bob has also been squiring Jayne Mansfield—and her best beau continues to be Mickey "Mr. Universe" Hargitay The Bachelor Brigade here is real happy that Linda Darnell, now divorced and beautiful as ever, is back in town.

END

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

ROCK HUDSON IN **BATTLE HYMN**

A Story of Love and Undying Courage!

The true story of
Col. Dean Hess, clergyman
turned fighter pilot.
Told in the heroism of
battle's hell...
cherished in the hearts
of those who loved him...
living forever in the
happiness of the
once-forgotten children
of a ravaged land!



as told in his
best-seller...

co-starring

**MARTHA HYER
DAN DURYEA**

DON DEFORE • ANNA KASHFI • JOCK MAHONEY with
CARL BENTON REID



CINEMASCOPE • TECHNICOLOR

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK Written by CHARLES GRAYSON and VINCENT B. EVANS Produced by ROSS HUNTER



LOST in a daydream, Monty takes a solitary breather between scenes.

MONTY CLIFT:

Hollywood's No. 1 Puzzlement

**Why, despite talent, wealth and public
acclaim, does a cloud of misfortune continue
to hang over the head of inscrutable Monty?**

By DORA ALBERT

WHAT'S all this about Montgomery Clift? Is it true, as one columnist has said, that he has lost all interest in life, that he's pale and listless, and acts as if he doesn't care whether he lives or not? Is it true that he carries a burning torch for Liz Taylor, and that one of the greatest blows of his life was losing her to Mike Todd? Or is that other interesting gossip item true, that the real passion of his life is the former torch singer, Libby Holman; and that he would marry her in a minute if it weren't for Libby's fear that marriage to her would jinx him, as it did other men in her life?

In an effort to separate the truth from the mountain of rumors built up around his name, I talked to several close friends and business associates of Monty's.

"Montgomery Clift is exactly the same kind of person he has always been," said a studio official who knows him well. "No two people could be more different than the screen image of Montgomery and the actual Mr. Clift. The real Monty has always been a scared youngster. Almost as frightened of people, in his way, as Garbo has been in hers! He trusts only intimates. So naturally, others find him reserved, seemingly listless. Monty's never had too many interests, and has always been indifferent to most things. He takes very poor care of himself, and is continually getting into accidents."

David Lewis, producer of "Raintree County," said, "After his nearly fatal accident, Montgomery was spiritually, physically and mentally exhausted. I wish the studio could have given him more time to get himself together, but we couldn't spare him any longer. So he is still exhausted. No man can put as much into his acting as Monty does without being somewhat depleted at the end of eight months of almost constant work. Add to this Monty's accidents during the making of the film—and it's no wonder that he sometimes gave the impression of having lost interest in life. But it was a false impression, just the same."

During the making of "Raintree County," Monty suffered at least three accidents—the almost fatal automobile accident near Liz Taylor's home; breaking the big toe of his left foot on location in Danville, Kentucky; and slipping on the steps



LIBBY Holman and Monty discuss his role in "Raintree County." "Perhaps love enters the picture," said a close friend of the two.

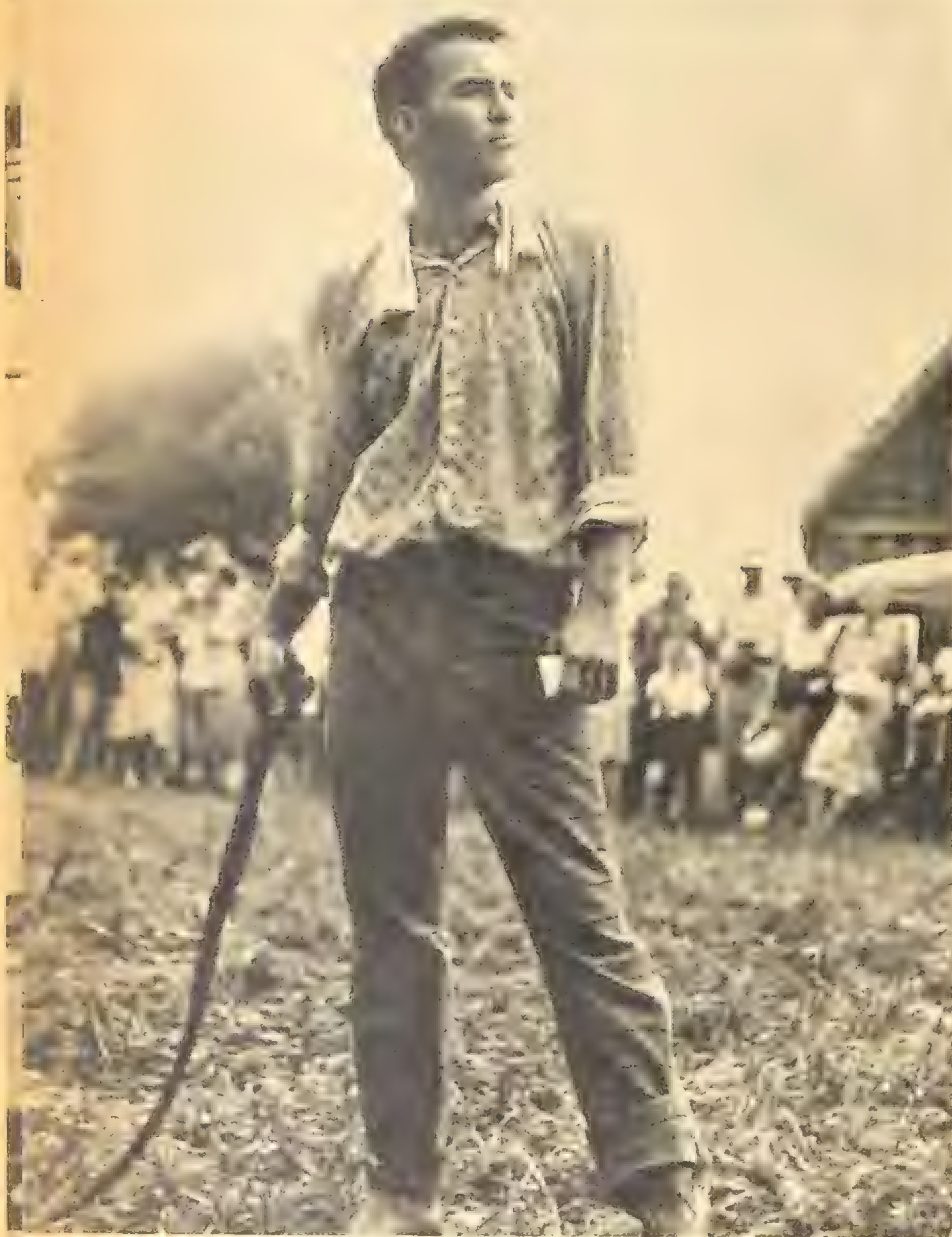
of his swimming pool when he was emerging from it one day.

There seems to be no doubt of the fact that Monty is accident prone. (Some time ago, two doctors at Cornell University discovered that accidents don't happen by accident, so to speak. They found that one-third of the population of the United States is accident-prone. According to them, accidents usually happen to unhappy, badly adjusted, emotionally upset individuals.—Ed.) It may seem incredible that Monty belongs in this category. What has he got to be upset about?

"Monty is one of the most terrified young men I have ever met," said an intimate. "Believe me, any other attitude on his part is just a cover-up. They say he didn't make a picture for

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"He's unsure," confided an intimate. "He doesn't feel as if he knows how to handle people"



MONTY'S near fatal auto accident required his upper and lower jaws to be wired together. For months he could eat only liquid foods.

three years because the scripts weren't good enough. Bosh! The truth is that the boy is plain scared, that it took three years for Libby Holman and other friends of his to instill in him enough confidence so that he could say, 'Okay. I'll make "Raintree County."' Monty just has no faith in himself as an actor, or in his personal relationships."

Trying to solve the riddle of Montgomery is like putting together the pieces of a difficult jigsaw puzzle. Everyone who knows him seems to get a different picture of him. There are many contradictory facets to his personality, and almost every friend sees a different facet.

"He is the most complex person I've ever met," said David Lewis, who's produced pictures starring such diverse personalities as Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Deborah Kerr, and Bette Davis. "I don't think he's afraid of people, but he has a deep-rooted distrust of anyone he doesn't know.

"He resents giving any part of himself to anyone, until he has known that person long enough to weigh carefully how much of himself he wants to give. If you win him, there are

no limits to his generosity and thoughtfulness. But he wants to choose the terms of any friendship. Somewhere, at some time, he may have been badly hurt, for he fights real emotion.

"I met him for the first time when he was a youngster of 20 on Broadway, and I was so taken by his personality and acting that I invited him to have supper with me, so that we could discuss his going into pictures. We did have supper together, but at that time he refused to consider Hollywood.

"We didn't meet again till recently, when he came to the studio. I think he'd completely forgotten our earlier meeting.

"When he walked across the room, his shirt and his hands were wet. I realized then that he distrusted me, because our relationship as producer and actor was a new one. At the beginning, I felt as if I were walking on eggshells."

A CLOSE friend of Monty's reported: "One myth about Monty gives me a laugh: that he is a lone wolf, who prefers not to mingle with others. The truth is that the *one* thing Monty dreads is solitude. He's the most emotionally dependent person I know. He can't stand his own company."

On location in Danville, Monty was given every opportunity to be the lone wolf tradition says he is. Believing that crowds would besiege the homes of the stars in the film, the studio arranged for a police guard at each star's door.

The morning after the arrangements had been made, a studio official asked the cop who'd been stationed outside Monty's door whether the actor had had a good night's sleep.

"Never met a movie star like him before," he said. "At three in the morning, he opened his door and asked me if I'd come in and have coffee with him. Then we sat around yakking till 6 a.m. He told me that he didn't feel like being alone, and that I was doing him a favor by talking to him."

Actually, Monty is the victim of violent moods. Whatever he does, he's apt to do to excess. There are times when he is so wrapped up in his thoughts, that if his closest friend passed by, he wouldn't see him.

When Monty is in the mood for socializing, he'll make friends with strangers on park benches, in bars, on buses, in the street. When he's not in the mood, he may go to bed on a Friday night, exhausted, and sleep all through the week-end.

Probably the most interesting rumors about Monty are those that pertain to his love life. When Monty first came to Hollywood with New York drama coach Mira Rostova, their friendship was misinterpreted as a romance. Actually, Mira was just one of a succession of women to whom Monty has turned for the kind of mothering he seems to need, and which almost every woman he meets wants to give him.

PROBABLY no one but Monty and Liz Taylor will ever know the whole truth about the love that almost sprang up between them. Today Liz says, "Monty's like a brother to me. I've told him everything, even things I'm ashamed of."

Several years ago when they were co-starring in "A Place In The Sun," Monty and Liz became very good friends. Maybe it was just puppy love, but Liz was completely fascinated by Monty, and showed it. But Monty sensed the fact they weren't right for each other. Also, at the time, Monty wasn't ready to marry and settle down.

After Liz met Nicky Hilton, she got over her feeling of romantic love for Monty. He was one of the first to wish her happiness. When her marriage to Nicky collapsed, Liz turned

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INTIMATE of few, rarely granting an interview, the enigmatic Monty displays the wan smile "that fills women with a desire to mother him."



"RAINTREE COUNTY": A legend of man's quest for the unattainable. Monty, as the "seeker," plays the most difficult role of his career.



DUE to his intense passion for privacy, much is unknown of Monty's inner life. Some of filmdom's most preposterous tales have resulted.

Monty's brilliant performance in

again to Monty, for comfort and help. By this time, their feelings toward each other were purely those of friendship.

They were good for each other in many ways. Sometimes, Monty comforted and protected Liz; at other times Liz comforted and protected Monty.

"Theirs is the funniest relationship," chuckled a close friend. "One day Liz is Monty's mother; the next day Monty's her father. They both give each other advice, though neither can give the other good advice."

"Before she met Mike Todd, Liz would break an engagement to help Monty conquer the blues when he was in one of his indigo moods. Even after she became engaged to Mike, Liz once delayed seeing Mike for an hour so Monty could come up to her house and tell her about his troubles."

"On the other hand, when Liz got sick in Natchez, Mississippi, Monty moved to a room on Liz's floor, to be near her, and sat up all night with her."

Though Monty can be the mature, thoughtful, serious father-confessor to whom Liz confides her secrets, he can also be a big, mischievous kid—full of the devil. With most people, he won't let down the bars long enough to have any fun, but he and Liz would romp like children together. On location they engaged in water fights, sneaking behind each other to duck one another in the water; slugged it out with pillows, and once Liz even rubbed Monty's nose in the dirt . . . a liberty he wouldn't have permitted anyone else.



RUMORS of a more than casual relationship between Monty and co-star Liz Taylor have haunted him since their meeting eight years ago.

“Raintree County” marks the highpoint of an outstanding career

Libby Holman's relationship with Monty is even more puzzling than Liz's. Even more than Liz, Libby mothers Monty. Some say that he is dependent on her for inspiration, courage, and the will to go on with his life and with his work.

Of all the contradictions in Monty's life, the greatest is his relationship with this provocative, interesting older woman.

LIBBY HOLMAN is a fabulous woman, the kind around whom headlines naturally revolve. One of the great torch singers of all time, she was never a beauty, but she has such magnetism and artistry that men are always attracted by her.

At the height of her career, Libby married Zachary Smith Reynolds, heir to a great tobacco fortune. After marriage, she discovered that Reynolds was a moody, unhappy, jealous man.

Then one day he was suddenly found dead of gunshot wounds, after a party at which he and Libby had quarreled. Evidence indicated that he committed suicide, though there had been suspicion of murder.

Since that time, other men, involved with Libby, have also met unhappy fates. Perhaps the greatest tragedy in her tragedy-filled life occurred when her son, Christopher, was killed about six years ago while trying to climb Mount Whitney.

When Monty was injured in the accident near Liz's home, it was Liz who cradled his bloody head in her arms till an ambulance arrived, but they say Libby's name was on his lips when he was delirious. As soon as she learned of the accident, Libby

flew in from the East to be with him and to comfort him.

After his minor accident on location, Libby once again came to see Monty. Friends suspect that Monty, growing lonely after Liz found Mike Todd and fell in love, sent for Libby.

Those who had thought that Liz and Monty were reviving an old romance were puzzled by this new turn of events. But they needn't have been. Though Liz enjoys mothering Monty, she herself wants a man on whom she can lean in marriage. Though Monty is brilliant, well-read, well-traveled, he doesn't have the breezy self-sufficiency of Mike Todd.

“Emotionally,” a close friend said, “Monty is far behind other young men of his years. Most men of his age—about 35—have been married for four or five years or more. Monty doesn't appear to be ready for marriage.

“In a way, he resists growing up. His moodiness and his tendency to get melancholy are typical of adolescents.

“Probably it's the little boy quality in Monty that appeals to women of all ages.”

Is Libby Holman in love with him? It's hard to believe that any woman could be so self-sacrificing, so willing to put a man's interests above her own, if she were not in love. Some believe that he reminds her of the son who died so tragically—a slim, idealistic dreamer like Monty.

Monty will always remain a man of mystery as long as everyone who meets him sees him so differently. He is Hollywood's most complex and contradictory character. **END**

NATALIE WOOD:

Don't call her "wholesome"!

There's an adventurous streak in Natalie, a healthy attitude of "let's try anything once" that defies conformity

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

DARK-EYED Natalie Wood attended a party in honor of Kim Novak a few nights ago and Mac Krim was there, naturally.

When he was presented to Natalie, this smiling sophisticate remarked, "I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you before, but I have seen you . . . and I shall never forget it. It was wonderful. I got into an elevator with you in a swank New York hotel and I can tell you exactly what you were wearing. (1) Pedal pushers (very neat ones), (2) an off-the-shoulder blouse (very nice, indeed), (3) frivolous, high-heeled shoes (surprising) and (still more surprising), a mink stole! All this with a raggedy little boy haircut.

"I had never seen just such an outfit anywhere, especially in a gilded New York hotel elevator. But it was charming and

"I LIKE to be *me*, no matter where I may be," says uninhibited Natalie, shown backstage with Tab Hunter during their p.a. tour.



arresting . . . and unforgettable," said suave Mac, gallantly.

Natalie giggled. "I guess I do get into some unconventional outfits sometimes," she said, equably, "if I feel like it. Sometimes people get a little stern with me about it . . . but if I feel like it, then I'll just do it. I don't like to feel fettered about small things. I like to be *me*, no matter where I am."

This girl who celebrated . . . and I *do* mean "celebrated" . . . her 18th birthday last July 20th may be destined to return to Hollywood some of the color and excitement it lost when Ava Gardner became an expatriate and Lana Turner chose to dim her exciting lights. Not that Natalie is deliberately working at being a femme fatale or even, consciously at least, at being an exciting personality. She just wants to enjoy herself in her own way, and a very amusing way it often is.

The outfit she was wearing when Mac Krim encountered her is typical. When she left New York after that same trip, she donned a similar outfit to wear on the plane to Hollywood, over the stern protests of her chaperon that, "You mustn't get yourself up like a freak! Try to look like a lady!"

But Natalie was cheerfully adamant and when the party debarked at the Chicago airport at three in the morning for a bite to eat (Tab Hunter was along), the waiting crowd . . . and there was a sizeable crowd there even at that hour . . . was enchanted with her. She is so petite and so vivacious. They probably all went away thinking that that is exactly what the well dressed movie star wears on a night flight across the continent! "Natalie," her friends are fond of saying, "has the knack of getting away with things. She has an adventurous streak in her, an attitude of 'let's try anything once,' which makes life a lot of fun for her."

She does, too. Take the matter of strange foods in exotic places . . . she tries them all. She has eaten rattlesnake meat in Texas, buffalo steaks in some state or other, and when she was in Honolulu not long ago she happily ran the gamut of poi, raw fish and other curious Hawaiian delicacies as well as, one evening, the birds' nest soup and ancient eggs she encountered in a Chinese restaurant.

"The Chinese place was the real ball," she reported, eyes

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LIFE has been a gay whirl for Natalie this past year, what with reaching that all-important 18th birthday with all of its new freedoms.



BENT on enjoying herself in her own way, Natalie happily runs the gamut of poi, raw fish and other exotic dishes during visit to Hawaii.

NEW SKILLS are a fetish with Natalie who learned to play a uke and do the hula in Hawaii. She's now on a rope twirling kick.



ANYTHING that's "a little dangerous" intrigues Natalie. She even fell in line with the Bridey Murphy fad, had herself hypnotized.



"I'm just not the homebody type," says Natalie. "I believe you should be true to your feelings and emotions, obey your impulses"

shining, "because my date and I not only ate—and honestly enjoyed—all those strange things, but we made up our minds that we were going to use chopsticks or else. It nearly turned into 'or else' because we stayed there five whole hours trying to push a meal into ourselves with those little things. And we wound up being pretty uproarious because we imagined that we had mastered the chopsticks so well that we tried to light our cigarets with them!"

This latter feat, she finally conceded, is impossible.

But, perhaps to make up for this small defeat, she says that she has eaten and actually learned to like that peculiar French delicacy, snails. "Raymond Burr introduced me to those," she says, "and I love 'em. I also," she went on, dreamily, "like to nibble mustard blossoms and nasturtium leaves..."

Perhaps "uninhibited" is the word for Natalie.

"I think it is very important," she says, earnestly, "to be yourself, to *express* yourself. You must obey your impulses and be true to your own feelings and emotions and not bother about what other people think of you doing it.

"One night Tab and I went to a big premiere... dressed to the teeth we were, too! We went on to a big, formal party afterward which was all quite dignified until suddenly Tab and I had an impulse to start jitterbugging, so of course we did, although no one has jitterbugged, at least the way we were doing it, for years. But it was fun for us and pretty soon a lot of other people were doing it and having fun, too."

There is Natalie, "getting away with things" again and what's more, inspiring other people to let down the barriers and join in her spontaneous romps.

For instance, while on a personal tour recently, she attended a supper dance in a big hotel in Minneapolis and the orchestra struck up some Hawaiian music. Natalie, of course, had only just returned from the Islands where she had enthusiastically insisted upon learning the rudiments, at least, of the intricate hula-hula.

Hearing these fascinating strains again so far from where she had first heard them "did something to her," as she explained afterward, and in a matter of moments she was on her feet, undulating away in the little Hawaiian dance to the enormous delight of everyone in the huge room, although on this occasion her audience didn't join her. It was content to watch as she made a spontaneous and immediate hit. Her habit of obeying her gay impulses often pays off in genuine applause and admiration.

"Things you don't plan are so much more fun than things you do," she keeps saying. And no wonder.

THE day she went on a picnic with a happy group at Hansen Dam Lake she certainly hadn't planned to go swimming. Horseback riding was on the program and when they had finished their ride and were ready for lunch they were hot and the lake looked beautifully inviting. Still more tantalizing was the fact that some of the picnickers had thought to bring along swim suits and presently they were disporting themselves in the water.

The sight was simply too much for Natalie and the first thing anyone knew she had pulled off her boots and plunged into the water herself, in her jeans and shirt... just what she had worn for her ride.

"I'll dry off in the sun," she said, placidly. "I'm not going to miss a swim just on account of not having a suit!" That's

another thing about her... she never makes a Big Thing of doing what comes naturally. She just does it.

But much as she loves to swim, and she is truly enthusiastic about it, she has yet to take a dip in her own beautiful swimming pool which was installed at her home a year ago!

"I've been in such a whirl all this time, I just haven't gotten around to it yet," she explains. Then, brightening, "You know what will be fun? I'll give a party on the first anniversary of the day the pool was first filled... I'll invite a lot of people and I'll take my very first dip in it to celebrate! That should give us a lot of laughs."

But who ever heard of a girl, even a movie star, having a lovely pool for a whole year without even dunking herself in it at least once?

LIFE really has been a whirl for Natalie this past year, what with reaching that all-important 18th birthday with all its new freedoms and that glorious sense of independence, as well as an exciting series of triumphs on the screen and in personal appearances. No wonder she seems a mite breathless.

She has made one rather solemn concession to her new grown-up and responsible status. She has acquired an appointment book which she carries everywhere with her. She really wants to be conscientious and punctual about appointments. The only trouble with that is that she is constantly putting the book down somewhere and forgetting about it until she reaches her next stop... and the trouble with *that* little habit is that not only is her schedule of appointments in the book but as likely as not she has stuck her current pay-check in it, too!

"But it is always returned to me," she remarks, cheerfully, "and I think it just goes to show how nice and honest, how really *good* most people are." She seems to be genuinely

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CO-STARRING again with Tab Hunter, Natalie's latest picture is "The Girl He Left Behind." She'll next appear in "Bombers B-52."





A CHIP off the old block, 4½-year-old Terry mimics his Dad who pretends he's so disappointed in Terry's behavior that he's going to cry.

AUDIE MURPHY

Murphy and Sons

**Poppa takes a breather when
Terry and Skipper, with Mom,
of course, pay a visit to
Audie on location in Colorado**

photos by Zinn Arthur



WAITING for Audie to join them, wife Pamela and little Skipper watch as he does a scene in his latest U-I film, "Night Passage."

EXCITED Skipper gets right into the spirit of his Daddy's new picture about the Old West by letting out a couple of war whoops.

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Corralled by son Terry for some Western-style fun, Audie doesn't get much chance to relax during a between-scenes break in his acting chores



TERRY gets his man. In "Night Passage" it takes many men to catch train-robber Audie, but Terry does it single-handed.



DAD cringes a bit as Terry puts a little too much zest into his roping. Audie's already taught him to swim, ride horseback.





A DEVOTED father, Audie doesn't let his zooming career (his current movie is "Joe Butterfly") interfere with his relationship with the boys. **END**

Rita Hayworth's Comeback

**At 38, a wiser, more mature
Rita proves she still has what it
takes to resume her place as
one of Hollywood's great stars**

By ERNST JACOBI



ON LOCATION in Trinidad, Rita enjoys a refreshing native drink with her co-star, Jack Lemmon, between scenes of "Fire Down Below."

ON November 10, 1947, when she was at the very summit of her career, Rita Hayworth received an accolade which will remain with her for as long as she will live. In tribute to her pre-eminence as a beauty and to her lush sex appeal, "Life" magazine dubbed her a modern "Love Goddess" and compared her with the likes of Aphrodite, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and others.

It would be apocryphal to say that nine years and three husbands later, Rita, with one new picture—"Fire Down Below"—already completed and another, "Pal Joey," in the works, has emerged unscarred and her lustre undimmed. Uprooted, hurt, harassed by marital and financial difficulties, she is no longer the radiant young goddess of yore. Yet all are agreed that Rita still has everything it takes to resume her place as one of Hollywood's greatest stars. And, what is perhaps more important, she has acquired from the crucible of her unhappiness a new dimension as a human being, a greater depth of feeling and understanding.

At the age of 38, the former Love Goddess has had to take stock and pick up the pieces of her life. She'd been married four times and had failed four times. She'd earned millions, yet she was broke. She still had fame, but she hadn't been before the cameras in years and there must have been at least a creeping doubt in her heart as to whether she could recapture her public or whether her fame was—after all—only notoriety.

And she was alone. The woman who'd lived for love was without a man toward whom she could turn her heart. She probably was in no mood for love anyway after that last bitter disillusionment; yet that emptiness in her heart was probably the worst symptom of what life had done to her. Pictures and reports of Rita from a year ago showed her as drawn, pinched, too thin, haggard. It was a bad period of her life, indeed.

The only solid support she had to fall back on in those days were her two children, Rebecca and Yasmin.

There is no question but that Rita is an affectionate and devoted mother who is adored by her children. "It's heartwarming to see Rita with those two kids," says Jack Lemmon. "I spent a couple of afternoons with the three of them at Rita's flat in Mayfair, and I've never seen a warmer, nicer mother/daughter relationship anywhere. They play together, do things together, and have a lot of fun together. Incidentally, the girls are just adorable. They're as nice and unspoiled as they come."

Similarly, Tom Wood, press representative for "Fire Down

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Story!

RITA still has her figure, looks
and special brand of magnetism.



RITA HAYWORTH continued

After three years, Rita feels a strong



THE SHYNESS that's a basic trait of Rita's character is nowhere in evidence as Bob Mitchum lends a helping hand with the suntan lotion.

excitement being back at work

Below," reports that Rita's interest, while she was on location in Trinidad, seemed to center almost exclusively around her girls, then in Paris with a governess. "I know she wrote to them every day and called them long distance frequently," he says. "And it was a pleasure to see Rita whenever the mail arrived on the set. She'd always look for a letter from the girls first, read it, chuckle to herself, and frequently read some passages aloud. She acts quite wacky about these kids."

RITA refuses to talk about her former husbands. Bob Mitchum, Jack Lemmon and Wood all agree that during their five months' association she never mentioned them. When one tactless reporter once needled her about which of her former names she wished to be known as—Judson, Welles, Khan or Haymes—she coolly replied, "Miss Hayworth, if you don't mind." But she was stung. She is sensitive to the aura of notoriety which she feels might still cling to her and is, therefore, quite shy in her contacts with strangers.

Most everybody who knows Rita well agrees that this shyness is a basic trait of her character. Although she grew up in show business—she started dancing with her father's troupe at a very early age—she actually led a sheltered life during those years. The Cansinos have been dancers for generations—with deep roots in Spain where Rita's father, Eduardo Cansino, was born and grew up before coming to this country. And during Rita's formative years, her father guarded her jealously in the old Spanish tradition. Rita's shyness with strangers is, therefore, not hard to understand.

Some observers believe that Rita's shyness may even have been the basic reason for the break-up of her marriage to Aly Khan. On the face of it, this was the most promising of all of her marriages, and Aly appears to be the only one of her

SHADY LADY takes to the water. In her comeback film, Rita's a girl of questionable reputation who gets involved with smugglers.



"FIRE DOWN BELOW": After making her choice between Jack Lemmon and Bob Mitchum, Rita confirms it with a kiss—for Bob.

former husbands' for whom she still has a soft spot in her heart. But the hurly-burly of the international set, along with the prominence of the social position into which she suddenly became propelled, was probably too much and too bewildering for Rita. Besides being shy, she is something of a homebody with an almost plebeian fondness for letting her hair down in the sanctuary of her own home. She's a good cook, incidentally, specializing in Spanish dishes. While in Trinidad, she acquired a new recipe for a fish soup called "Callaloo" with which she has since regaled some of her friends.

These days, Rita's diffidence is further enhanced by incidents such as the following related by Bob Mitchum: "The day Rita arrived in Trinidad," he recalls, "Jack and I met her at the airport, helped her get settled at the hotel and then took her out to dinner at a restaurant. Shortly after we sat down, some man came over from another table, bent over Rita and tried to kiss her. A total stranger, mind you. 'You do it in the movies,' he said. The fellow was hustled off fast by a couple of waiters. I probably would have blown my stack if it all hadn't happened so quickly. As for Rita, she just brushed it off and didn't even mention the whole thing again."

ALTHOUGH Rita has enough poise to appear unruffled by incidents such as these, she hasn't nearly enough brass not to be affected by them. During the remainder of her nine weeks' stay in Trinidad and neighboring Tobago, she rarely went out and had most of her meals sent up to her room. She had practically no social life outside of a couple of visits with Jack and Bob to the islands' famous steel bands where she was serenaded by Trinidad's foremost calypso singers.

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The power of Podesta

**Fortunately for movie fans,
Rossana gave up her ambition to
be a doctor for acting; now
she's good medicine in pictures**

photos by Sanford H. Roth



BEAUTY treatment hardly seems necessary for Rossana who starred as "Helen Of Troy" after a search for "the world's most beautiful girl."

FITTING for Rossana takes place in salon of Schubert of Rome, couturier for European aristocrats and movie stars.





ROSSANA PODESTA, star of "Helen Of Troy" and "Santiago," shows her classic features in the historic Cafe Greca in Rome, Italy.
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ROSSANA PODESTA continued

A classic young figure blooms amidst



PERCHED upon ancient ruins, 22-year-old Rossana studies the script of her next movie. Married to an actor, she has a son, Stefano, 3.

the ruins of the "Eternal City"



THE COLUMNS of antiquity frame Rossana as she breezes along near Rome. Rossana was born in Tripoli, Libya, on June 20, 1934.

ROSSANA was discovered for the movies by an Italian film mogul who saw her swimming one day in Rome when she was but 16.



SVELTE figure emerges from dunk in the ocean. Rossana's five-feet, three-inches tall; her measurements are 37-21-36. **END**

SAL MINEO:

What's his



SAL's a handy fellow with
a line—for fishing or dating.

line?



THE MINEO charm at work on Natalie Wood. "She's a real sweet girl," Sal declares.

"I can talk for hours," Sal says. "It fascinates me." And plenty of girls seem to find it intriguing, too

By HELEN HENDRIX

SITTING across the table from Sal Mineo in a restaurant one can easily see why a writer had described him as looking like a fallen angel. "With his jet black hair," she said, "tumbling on his forehead, his full, black eyebrows over huge, deep eyes, his mouth tucked into dimples."

He looked like a very natty fallen angel with a skinny dark tie falling neatly against his white shirt front, and all of him in a grey flannel suit.

"A girl's eyes are the most important thing," he was saying, and I was convinced he was right. "Appearance is important, too. But I don't mind if she wears blue jeans and T-shirts. I like to wear them myself."

He didn't mind talking about girls. For a boy who dates in crowds he has a pretty shrewd eye in judging the fair sex one by one, but he seemed to prefer talking about water skiing which some people consider a more dangerous sport.

"When I was down in Savannah for my latest picture, the girls called at the office all the time to ask if I could go skiing with them. Oh, it's wonderful. It's just skimming on water. Mr. Waxman (the producer) was afraid to let me go. But I'd get out."

"Yul Brynner taught me how to water ski. He had a place on Long Island Sound and he stood me on the dock, taught me how to use my muscles. Then he lowered me into the water. You know, a girl doesn't have to be perfect. I like to teach her things," he added with a twinkle. "You don't even have to

know how to swim in order to water ski. It's really great fun.

"Mike and I have a boat." (Mike's his brother, a good-looking fellow of 19 who studies at Columbia University and travels with Sal when he can.) "It's only 14 feet now—"

"Do you think it'll grow?" I said.

When he laughed this time I could see what he meant about eyes being important. Those teenagers who turn numb at the sight of him aren't so silly.

"I mean we want to buy a bigger one, a regular speedboat. We use it out on Long Island Sound near our house. You know, we're getting a new house in Pelham Manor. It's a funny thing. It's going to stand halfway between Westchester and New York. We'll have to pay taxes in both places."

"Talk about girls," I said.

"I think a girl ought to be a good swimmer," he said.

"We covered that," I told him. "Let's get real personal. Let's talk about girls who aren't soaking wet. For instance, what *don't* you like?"

"I enjoy a girl's naturalness and one who treats me like a person. I don't like the ones who think an actor is not a person. I don't like the ones who think my career was just a lucky break or those who want to know who is behind me and sponsoring my career. It was not all luck; it was a lot of hard work. And I hate phonies."

"One night a few of the fellows and I went to a movie up in the Bronx. Afterward, we stopped at a diner. We were sitting

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GETTING OUT of bed in the morning has always been a painful experience for Sal. But there's fishing ahead, and time's a-wasting.



OF COURSE, the car would break down at a time like this! Sal's displeasure is obvious as mechanic tries to find source of trouble.

Part of Sal's charm lies in his

around talking and these girls came in. They were pretty nice. They came over and we kidded around. All of a sudden this real lively one got a funny look in her eyes.

"'Are you Sal Mineo?' she said, looking like someone had just hit her over the head. 'I mean you *can't* be,' she said. 'Are you?' Boy, she was stunned.

"All of a sudden I was a different person to her. She couldn't say another word. It was the strangest thing. I mean, I was the same fellow she was joking with a minute ago, but to her I was different. It was a normal reaction and I enjoyed it all.

"My sister, Sarina (she's 14), is the only fan who hasn't gone overboard about me. You think I impress her? This year she flipped over Rock Hudson. Rock and Tony Curtis. Her bedroom's plastered with their pictures. She's got a teeny-weeny one of me down in a corner somewhere. That's because I'm her brother. She doesn't mind giving out autographs herself, though. She started at Columbus High School in September and the kids all ask her for them.

"In Savannah all those pretty girls would come up to Mike and ask him for an autograph. Before they got up enough courage to ask me, they asked Mike."

"Do you date actresses?" I said.

"I date a few. One of them is Natalie Wood. She's a real sweet girl. But I like her more as a person than a girl friend.



BAITING his line—this time with flies—Sal indulges in some rod-and-reel in the East Bronx. Looks just like the neighbor's boy, too.

complete naturalness; he remains simple, unaffected by success

We have such a good time together we never have to worry about getting serious. There's no time left for that.

"I get a kick out of meeting girls who aren't in show business, because I enjoy telling them about it. I can talk for hours—it fascinates me. If she *is* in the business then you'd better shut up because she probably knows more than you do. Or thinks she does. A girl who isn't in the business can tell me a lot of things about other fields that I don't know."

SAL'S mother is the one who knows exactly the kind of girl Sal wants. "A sparkling girl—that's what Sal should have," she says. "He loves fun and to be with people. He loves to play the piano and have us all sing together. . . . Also, she should be a girl who has dated other boys, not too shy. I don't mean she should be forward, but she should have confidence in herself and not expect Sal to lead her by the hand."

Sal is willing to lead her a little—but not to the altar, not for about 12 more years.

"The idea of going steady doesn't appeal to me," he says. "There's too much to see and do. I cannot devote enough time to a steady girl because of my profession. It would be unfair to her because of my work. I spend several months in California, several months in New York and off-times on location. I feel more at ease not going steady. It's an advantage for

some kids to go steady. They can discuss their problems with each other and they always have a date. If I were going steady, I wouldn't get a chance to meet all different types of gals."

He feels most free when he travels in groups. He and his friends and their dates will pile into four or five cars and take off. Maybe up to Connecticut just to see a movie, and on the way back they'll stop at a place to dance or eat. Sometimes they won't go any further than the living room of the Mineo house. With Sal on the drums, his brothers on the sax and clarinet, they'll beat up a storm while "Mom sits in the office and cooks up a snack for the crowd."

"I don't like those hidden night clubs," he says, with a shudder. "Those places where you sit in the dark and there's a little old candle on the table and you can't do anything but think of spirits."

He likes to be out in the light so when he looks at a girl he can see her. She doesn't have to be a beauty, but it helps if she's pretty and a little shorter than he. Sal's five-feet-seven-and-a-half.

"I like a real, sharp-chiseled face with fine features, piercing eyes and black hair. I like her to be real feminine . . . I can never tell other people how to dress, but if she isn't dressed right, I know it. I like her to be casual-looking without too much jewelry, especially the clanging kind, or make-up." But

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He loves to be a clown, but surprisingly Sal's face often mirrors a quite sensitive nature

a good and crazy sense of humor appeals to him the most.

"I have four books at home and there are ten thousand jokes in each one. I spend a lot of time reading them, but I can't even remember a line. So I have to tell the same old jokes all the time."

The fact is, he doesn't tell jokes at all and his conversation is sparked with wit. It's nice if a girl can appreciate it, and even try to top him. But he's not looking for another Bob Hope, because a date's a date and not a comedy show. On the other hand, it isn't a funeral, either, and a girl who can't produce anything better than a soulful look all evening is not the gal for young Sal.

"I've had crushes on a couple of girls," he admits, "and didn't get crushed back. But love! I love my parents, but I don't think I've been in the kind of love people talk about. I had another love happen to me, though . . ." and he'll turn serious talking about his kid sister, the way he used to think she was a pest, always having to be watched by him, and fed, and led around. There was the day he came home from school and found a note telling him to go to the hospital immediately and he ran all the way.

I WENT up to the children's ward. My whole family was there. They looked scared. Mom told me that Sarina had polio. And in that instant I think I hated myself for every moment I had not loved and protected her. A couple of days later the little girl in the next bed died. Then I knew what real fear was. It was so bad I couldn't think straight. I used to

fall asleep praying for Sarina. She recovered and she's been well ever since. That kind of love I know."

He also knows the kind of love a good actor has for his profession. It shows in his face when he talks about it and it shows in his work. A reporter who was impressed with Sal's achievements—five movies, a couple of Broadway plays, countless television shows and an Oscar nomination—asked him if he came from a theatrical family.

"Are you kidding?" said Sal. "My dad is a casket maker. He still says I can go to work for him if this crazy acting business runs out on me . . . but I can't say that the thought of building caskets is my idea of a joyful career."

His idea of joy began when he was eight and he confounded his mother by demanding dancing lessons. His two older brothers—Mike and Vic—were on his side. The Mineos were always democratic. What one kid got, the other got, too, and they wanted clarinet lessons. So off Sal went to dancing school.

On the side, he sold newspapers at a subway kiosk. He was always itching to go downstairs and get on one of the trains but his brother Victor wouldn't let him.

"He was a real businessman," Sal says. "One day he wouldn't let me keep my tips. I got so mad I ran downstairs and got into the first train that came along. I rode on it for what seemed like hours. Then I got off and followed the crowd upstairs. All of a sudden I was on Broadway. Alone and scared to death. Then I saw a theatre marquee. You know what? I counted the letters to see if my name would fit. Salvatore was too long. So I changed it to Sal—right then."

CLOWNING in the backyard of his Bronx home, Sal uses hedge cutters to trim nails. His next film: Columbia's "The Young Don't Cry."





UNINHIBITED Sal bangs away on set of monogrammed drums given to him when he appeared on Perry Como's television show.



SENSITIVE face is reflected as Sal plays a tune on the piano. All the Mineo children—three boys and a girl—play instruments.

That was the name—the fame didn't follow for a couple of years. By this time he was at another dancing school (they'd run out of steps to teach him in the old ones) and Cheryl Crawford came up to him and asked him if he wanted to be in a play.

Sal grins when he tells it. "I turned to Mom and said, 'Mom, what's a play?'"

Whatever it was, he wanted to be in it. It turned out to be "The Rose Tattoo." He had two lines and a goat which he led across the stage. After that, there was no holding Sal. He went on TV and into summer stock and back to Broadway for "The King And I."

He got into his first movie because he looked the way Tony Curtis might have looked when he was a little boy. And he got into "Rebel Without A Cause" despite director Nick Ray's better judgment.

When Sal showed up for the audition, Ray told him, "As long as you're here—read. But don't get your hopes up high."

SAL finished reading and Ray said, "Sorry. You're just not it." A week later he called Sal back.

"Mr. Ray had a deep frown on his face when I walked in," Sal recalls. "He was very serious. Finally, after looking at me for a few minutes, he said, 'Sal, every once in a while a director has to gamble. I'm going to take a chance. You're Plato.'"

Plato (that is, Sal) was nominated for an Academy Award.

"But I got a bigger thrill when I won a swimming medal in school than when I was notified of my nomination," Sal says. "The medal I could hold in my hand and know that I had accomplished something. With the Oscar nomination, I just couldn't bring myself to believe it."

Other actors talk about themselves as if they're reading rave notices. Sal has this mixture of unbelief and seriousness. He talks about his work like a professional who's still learning.

"When I took the part in 'Giant,' I knew I wouldn't have much to do. Mr. Stevens told me he was just looking for the right kind of face. But I took the part because I knew I'd learn so much just being on the set with him."

Now Sal has completed what he considers his first big role for Columbia, "The Young Don't Cry."

"It's funny how I got it. Two years ago I was looking for a book that could be turned into a screen play. I found this novel by Richard Jessups and called up my agent to ask him to buy the property. But someone else—Phil Waxman—had bought it.

"I told him I wanted to play it, but I guess I was still too young. He said, 'Look me up some other time.' Three months ago I read that Waxman Productions was making it into a movie and I didn't even have to call him. He called me.

"It's funny. You pick up a script and it's just lines. But with them you can make people laugh and cry . . ."

That's what Sal really loves and lives to do.

END



LOVELY Rhonda's married life has been slightly turbulent.

On again—off again marriage

By **CRAIG MORRIS**

**Rhonda and her hubby can't
seem to live with—or
without—each other; they may
live scrappily ever after**

ONCE upon a time, there lived in Hollywood a beautiful red-headed movie star and an amorous young doctor who fell madly in love. And so—after some hesitation—they got married and set about the solemn business of taking one another for better or for worse, and keeping one another in sickness and in health. On the basis of four tempestuous years of their connubial bliss, there would seem some grounds for doubt that they may quite make the final phase of their wedding vows—the sacred pledge to put up with each other 'til death do them part.

So far it hasn't taken anything quite as conclusive—or nearly as peaceful—as the final sleep to induce Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill to part company. With them, it has not been 'til death do us part, but 'til a battle royal do us part. They are Hollywood's leading exponents of that ancient dilemma—the couple who can't live with each other, and can't live without each other. They have separated so often in the four-and-a-half years of their marriage that one Hollywood wag has offered to make them a gift of a revolving door if they last until their fifth wedding anniversary.

Their latest reconciliation, even more than their round of previous reunions, left Hollywood gasping more than ever—and just about ready to accept the proposition that they were gluttons for whatever punishment they specialized in handing out to each other.

As their stormy love feast ran its familiar, if erratic course, the titian-haired Miss Fleming made good two previous false starts at a divorce by betaking herself with her press agent to Mexico, and there effecting quick and merciful surgery from her surgeon mate.

If Rhonda thought that was the end of it, she had underestimated her husband's resourcefulness, if indeed not his love. Twice before he had turned the tide of marital disaster into fervent reconciliation, but this time his holding action was a trifle more unorthodox.

Instead of pleading with Rhonda to set aside her Mexican divorce, he pulled a lulu out of his medical bag. He filed suit

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LOVELIGHT in their eyes, Rhonda and her good-looking husband, Dr. Lew Morrill, step out. But when that light goes out—oh, brother!



ARRIVING in New York on a publicity junket for a recent movie, Rhonda is promptly besieged by telephone calls in her hotel apartment.

Rhonda's busy career, with its great demands upon her time, has

RADIO interview in New York's Pennsylvania Station is part of the publicity build-up for her movie. Latest is "Gunfight At OK Corral."





POSING for magazine cover, Rhonda's at her most beautiful. Chore, however, is arduous. She'll be a blonde in "The Buster Keaton Story."

been the chief source of contention between her and her husband

in Santa Monica for a California divorce on the intriguing grounds that he wasn't willing to rely on the quickie decree Rhonda had picked up in Juarez.

Rhonda had been under the impression that she had exchanged her last words with the handsome doctor, but his latest maneuver gave them a new excuse for talking, and in characteristic fashion, Dr. Morrill turned on the heat—and the charm. Rhonda has a faculty of bringing out both these qualities in considerable quantities where the doctor is concerned, and once more he managed to persuade his lovely, if recalcitrant, wife that they would pick up the pieces and make sense—and happiness of their jigsaw marriage.

That, at any rate, was how things stood between Rhonda and her mate at this writing. On the record, their reconciliations have proven as reliable as a politician's campaign promises, but their doughty willingness to have at it again certainly offers testimony to their optimism, if not their unquenchable love—and possibly both.

RHONDA'S precipitate flight to Mexico came in the wake of a roaring domestic Donnybrook of which, friends inform me, she distinctly got the worst. But as one confidante of Rhonda wearily explained:

"Every time they separate, he pleads, sends her flowers and gifts and says it won't happen again. Let's face it. She must

love him very much if she keeps on forgiving him like that."

What Rhonda is called upon to forgive, and what has sparked their marathon quarreling bees both in private and in public, is Dr. Morrill's addiction to chronic attacks of jealousy—jealousy of Rhonda's career, and jealousy of her beauty.

Rhonda, like Caesar's wife, has been beyond reproach. But Dr. Morrill, whose love has made him perhaps a shade inordinately possessive, sees red every time a man looks at her sideways. There is never much logic in affairs of this sort, so it would no doubt be idle to point out that he could scarcely expect a creature as beguiling as his wife not to be stared at and conversed with by men who are positively livid with envy at the good doctor's luck.

There is even evidence to suggest that Dr. Morrill broke out in his first rash of jealousy before he got Rhonda to the altar. As the voluptuous heroine of dozens of sex-and-sand movie operas so wisely observed when she was on the threshold of the marriage to the impetuous Beverly Hills surgeon:

"It's very dangerous to make plans in Hollywood because something always seems to happen. I'm very superstitious, so I'd rather not say anything is definite except to say that we'll marry in October if we both feel the same way."

That, as any Monday morning marital quarterback can tell you, was the tipoff on the rocky road that awaited the green-eyed Rhonda and her yellow-haired medico.

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JERRY LEWIS



All this — and popcorn

OO LA LA! The French fan, though he's been going to the movies for years, has yet to see a picture. Too busy with l'amour toujours!

Jerry does a take-off
on movie-goers around the
world in his newest
film, "Hollywood Or Bust"

too!



BORSCHT and sour cream look sensational in Technicolor says Russian fan (above). American fan (below) digs in for long movie.



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"JELLY Lewis velly funny comedian," says
Chinese fan attacking meal with chopsticks.



JERRY LEWIS continued

**From Shanghai to London to
Nome, Jerry spoofs the film fan
in a rib-tickling prelude
to a comedy about screenland**

"TAKE the blahsted stuff away, Trimmingham. Cahn't
you see I'm busy?" British fan is carried away by it all.



ESKIMO fan munches on his favorite dish, fish on a stick, of course. "Hollywood Or Bust" is a Hal Wallis production for Paramount. **END**

Diana Dors:

Girl

FORM that won Diana a bathing beauty contest at 13, has become her stock in trade.

with three dimensions

"I owe everything to 37-23-35," says British star Diana Dors, who's kicked up as much excitement here as MMM did in London

By JOHN MAYNARD

IN Burbank, California, during a recent hot spell the climate was not very different from Death Valley, a neighbor a few hundred miles up the block. Of course, it is purely a question of degree. This is not abhorrent to residents of Burbank, who think people who live in cooler places are mollycoddles, but to a native of warm air that is like a damp rag, it conceivably could be unpleasant. Diana Dors, a spectacular subject of the British Empire, didn't say it was. But she looked vaguely unhappy. She also looked as though she could set a house on fire from a distance of three thousand yards. This may be so.

It was the first day of outdoor location for a picture Miss Dors was making for RKO in conjunction with George Gobel, who was riding a bicycle (Mr. Gobel lives around there) as if, didn't everybody? Miss Dors, though, was working in a street scene. She kept getting in and out of a taxi. Between takes, she sat in the shade and sometimes even went into one of the stores along the street, which was sort of foolish because the store didn't have a back, it being just part of the make-believe scenery.

This, you might have said, was Miss Dors' true introduction to Hollywood. That English complexion exposed to the rigors of the San Fernando Valley!

Of course, she'd been around for a spell now; some weeks. On arrival, she'd kicked up about the same kind of ruckus her counterpart here in the Colonies, Marilyn M. Miller, had kicked up in London, except that Miss Dors hadn't yet taken to riding to work hidden in the back of a hearse. Our British cousins take these things big. Miss Dors, on the other hand, had not gone unnoticed.

There had been her first press party, for example, when photographers had rashly tried to pose her behind sprays of flowers mounting to her chin-line. "Please, boys," admonished Miss D. gently. "You're hiding the merchandise."

There had been hoopla about the purchase of a \$150,000 home and definitely the purchase of a white Continental motor car, and these items are expensive. There had been flat assertions that Miss Dors, after a look-around of about two minutes' duration, had declared herself a potential American citizen. And there had been wonderment over how, considering the voracious British tax-bite, she could afford so much as a waffle, let alone a capital layout along the extravagant lines described.

Then, too, there had been that cocktail affair which de-

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THE five-year marriage of Diana and Dennis Hamilton has been shaky lately but they're trying to find a solution to their problems.

"In the second place, there's her sense of humor,"

generated into a brawl after Miss Dors and her hubby, Dennis Hamilton, either fell or were pushed into a wet swimming pool while fully clothed. Somewhat resentful about it all, they had lit into a UP photographer, who insisted he was merely an innocent bystander. Quoth the daguerreotypist:

"I was standing by the pool talking to Guy Madison about Lend-Lease when all of a sudden I was knocked down . . . Just before I blacked out, I saw Miss Dors kicking me in the head. She fought like a tiger."

None of this now was affecting Miss Dors. Nothing but the heat. The merchandise was tastefully covered with a light suit, but it looked nice anyway. Mr. Gobel had already been canvassed on his opinion of his co-star. His statement was tactful and brief.

"In the second place," he said, "there's her sense of humor." And pedaled away.

After a while, Miss Dors got into and out of the taxi to the satisfaction of the director, Hal Kanter, and was ushered across the street to the visiting press. "'Juh do," said Miss D., and sat ornamentally in a canvas chair. The press, who had been warned that time was fleeting, took fast stock. It is a face of beauty but not classic beauty. The teeth are ever so slightly large, the under lip ever so slightly full. That's bad? The rest was precisely what Miss Dors herself has said of it.

"I owe everything," she has declared, "to three dimensions

—37,23,35." Nor will she now disown what was put to her as "frankly a sex buildup."

"Why," she said now, "should I disown the sex buildup? I heartily approve of the sex buildup. I like acting for its own sake, yes, and especially comedy which is what we are doing here, but if I were to run down the sex buildup, it would be like kicking a dog that saved my life. You know, there can come a time when you have 77 full scrapbooks and still can't get a job. But I'm working. Sex is a durable institution. I have a feeling it's here to stay. The title of this picture is eloquent enough—'I Married A Woman.' Not, you will notice, 'I Married A Bicycle.' Or, 'I Married A Dishwasher.' These are the eternal verities. They must be faced. And if one becomes successful or—or prosperous—facing them, so much the better. No, you will have to look elsewhere if you want sex run down. It's a valuable commodity."

"Elsewhere? You mean . . .?"

DON'T put words in my mouth. I'm an admirer of Miss Monroe. But I'm sure we're both individuals. For instance, I don't go to work in a hearse."

Miss Dors' eyes, besides being green and lucid, conceal quiet laughter, or they repress it. She rarely laughs aloud, yet, in the words of a colleague, seems to be laughing all the time. Something vastly amuses her; perhaps everything.

CHATTING with George Gobel between scenes of "I Married A Woman." "Film-making is more fun here than in England," says Diana.



declares co-star George Gobel

What of the American citizen bit? Is there anything to it? "Well, I've read the reports," she said. "I can't confirm them yet. (Actually, her British accent is not a strong one, certainly not unintelligible like that of a music hall virtuoso.) Time will have to tell. I've bought a house, that's true, and I'll be here for some time. Three more pictures anyway. After that—who can say? Not I. Not here and now.

"But I'm very fond of it here, what I've seen. Naturally, that hasn't been much. I've been working, you know. When the picture's done, I want to eat in drive-ins and see all the native wonders. What I can say surely right now is that picture-making here is more fun, more relaxed, than in England. There's a kind of tension there on the sets between takes. Here everyone seems to take it easy and laugh it up. But you get as much done.

"Then, the people here are more—more boisterous than at home. It's a difficult quality to describe."

In time, director Kanter and your favorite periodical got away to lunch, where Kanter proved exuberant. "She's funny," he said, with the air of authority reasonable from a man who himself is a professional funnyman of brilliant attainments (e.g., the Gobel TV show, which until now he has master-minded.) "She's cooperative. And she's talented. What else could I ask?"

There was nothing on the robust side? Nothing reverse?

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"**WHY** should I disown sex? If I were to run down the sex buildup, it would be like licking a dog who had saved my life," says Diana.

LENSING the Dors curves is job of cameraman Lucien Ballard.



TEMPERAMENTAL? "Not at all," says her co-worker. "Diana balks at changes but when explained to her satisfaction, she agrees."

FS* *IS Milder, Much*

The once frequently embattled Sinatra has found a new love and

IN LOVE with life, Frank rarely shows former symptoms of hostility nowadays.



MILDER

seemingly, peace of mind



ASSURANCE in his work is indicative of Sinatra's growth as a performer and as a human being. The years of struggle and chaos seem to be over.

By **BILL TUSHER**

I WAITED for the red light to go off above the big soundproof door outside Stage 16 at Paramount, then went inside to keep my appointment with Frank Sinatra. He was playing the role of beloved night club comedian Joe E. Lewis in "The Joker," a part he fell in love with—and optioned—when he read the autobiography of the same name in galley form.

I found Frank doing a scene in a doctor's office, stuffing his shirttails inside his trousers after a physical exam, and listening as the medico read the riot act.

It was one of the climactic moments of the picture, and Frank handled himself as effortlessly as if he were singing in the privacy of his shower. He tossed off his lines as if he'd just thought them up, not as if they were rehearsed. It occurred to me as I watched him skillfully ply his belated trade as an emoter that his easy assurance in his work was symbolic of the mileage he had piled up as a man. Frank Sinatra, at 40, had come a long way—an amazingly long way—both as a performer and as a human being. He had achieved that priceless intangible—stature.

Everything about Frank bespoke his stature—his easy way in front of the cameras, his merry banter with director Charles Vidor, his unconcerned acceptance of the steady procession of tourists hustled through the set to gape at him and thus feel contemporaneous with an American legend, his friendly, gregarious manner with members of the crew. He had a good word, a relaxed minute and a warm feeling for everyone.

Frank suggested we talk in his dressing room between takes. He asked what was new as if he really cared, and we hadn't chewed the fat very long when he confirmed my suspicion that he was in the throes of a new love affair. This was the big and potentially lasting romance he'd been hungering for in all the years of struggle and torment, setback and chaos, in the big climb up as man

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* FRANK SINATRA

Always on the move, Frankie says, "Work is therapy. I'm happier now than I've ever been"

against crazy odds. I found the so frequently embattled Frank Sinatra crawling with the symptoms of peace of mind. I found him in love with life—in love with his fate, in love with his environment, and in love with his work. If there were any loose ends, he had them carefully tucked away. I could not see them or sense them.

I asked Frank for a first-hand account of his state of mind.

"It's a conglomeration of incidents and conditions that's happened," Frank took a slow drag on his cigaret as he put his thoughts into words. "I don't know—I guess the accumulated knowledge of all the years has finally floated to the top. A lot of cobwebs have blown away. I'm doing things I've never done before. I'm thinking for myself. I'm happier now in my work than I've ever been in my life. Work is therapy. It's a great joy. It's a labor of love."

You'd have to love it to labor at it the way Frank does. In making "The Joker," for instance, he wasn't content to rely for his performance on the hundreds of times he'd seen Joe E. Lewis do his stuff in night clubs. He took films of Lewis at a recent Las Vegas appearance, and he was running them at least twice a week at home to be sure he didn't miss any of

the well-known Lewis mannerisms in his film impersonation.

There is no sign of a let-up in Frank's work rampage. Waiting for him when he finished "The Joker" were personal appearances at the Sands in Las Vegas, the Copacabana in New York, a whirlwind tour of Australia and the Orient. On deck after that is the movie version of "Pal Joey" with co-stars Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak at Columbia, the title role in the controversial "What Makes Sammy Run," and "Kings Go Forth," to be shot in France. Two other pictures on the crowded agenda are "Solo," with June Allyson, and a musical called, "The Jazz Train."

"I've just got to be busy," Frank shrugged. "That's all there's to it. If I knock off for five days, I've had it. I try to get as much rest as I can. I average about five hours sleep a night, but apparently it's not hurting me because I feel wonderful. I guess I kind of work in such a relaxed fashion that it doesn't bother me."

But why this man-eating work load? Does it offer some form of emotional escape? Could Frank be running away from the hazards of a life still fresh with the scars of strife and unhappiness? All evidence suggests the contrary. The fact is that

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AFFABLE and friendly to all these days, Frankie has won over newspapermen and photographers with whom he once clashed often.



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By Robert Van Alden

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them just as much! But this time, THEY STOPPED HALF WAY THROUGH! They could eat no more! They lay down their forks and knives COMPLETELY SATISFIED! AND THE FAT DRAINED AWAY SO QUICKLY THAT THEIR FRIENDS GASPED IN ASTONISHMENT!

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So she didn't go to Princeton

But Rosemary, who manages a house, a genius, two children, assorted pets and a successful career is a woman to be reckoned with

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

A FEW years back, when the news broke that Jose Ferrer was going to marry Rosemary Clooney, a lot of people couldn't believe it. The ones who believed it nearly tore out their hair.

"It'll never work!" they screamed. "Never, never, *never!*"

Then they pointed out, as calmly as they could, that Ferrer was an intellec-

tual, nay, a genius. And that Rosemary, to put it simply, was not. Rosie, as Joe calls her, didn't argue about that. She'd never hidden from anyone the fact that her education had been catch as catch can. Indeed, it was sad but true, that she had never gone to Princeton. But Joe had gone, and now he'd have plenty of time to tell her all about it.

"But Joe can do *everything*," friends wailed sadly as they shook their heads.

"Yes, isn't it wonderful?" Rosemary whipped back.

Nowadays these same friends regard the Clooney-Ferrer marriage with something akin to awe. However, they're not speechless. "Rose was never a dumb kid," one of them says magnanimously. "But the cleverest thing is the way she learns from Joe. She has real respect and admiration for him. He's a genius and she knows it, and she shows that she knows it, and he likes that.

"But do you know what the greatest thing is that he taught her? She used to be shy. She used to think she was homely. He taught her she was the most wonderful woman in the world—at least, to him."

It's safe to say that Rosemary has also taught Joe a thing or two since their marriage. Things he couldn't learn at Princeton or from any book. They have to do with love.

To say that Rosemary Clooney is no intellectual is probably true, but if, after talking to her for only one minute, you're not impressed with her intelligence, you need help. A woman who manages a house, a genius, two children, assorted pets and a perennially successful career as casually as she delivers a song is a woman to be reckoned with. It was part of Mr. Ferrer's genius to sniff out such potentiality a few years ahead of his friends.

But just to keep the record straight, Mrs. Ferrer *has* read a book or two in her life. Actually, she's an avid reader and the first one in at whatever public library the much-traveled Ferrers happen to pass on their jaunts. She also owns a huge record collection—popular and classic—that has gone with her around the country. She prefers looking at Picasso to the comic strips. And she has a mind of her own.

"From a financial point of view there's no necessity for me to work," she says. "Joe earns us a very handsome living. But I doubt that I'd be as attractive a wife to him or as good a mother to our two children if I stayed home all day. I'm afraid I'd get into a rut. I'd have nothing to talk



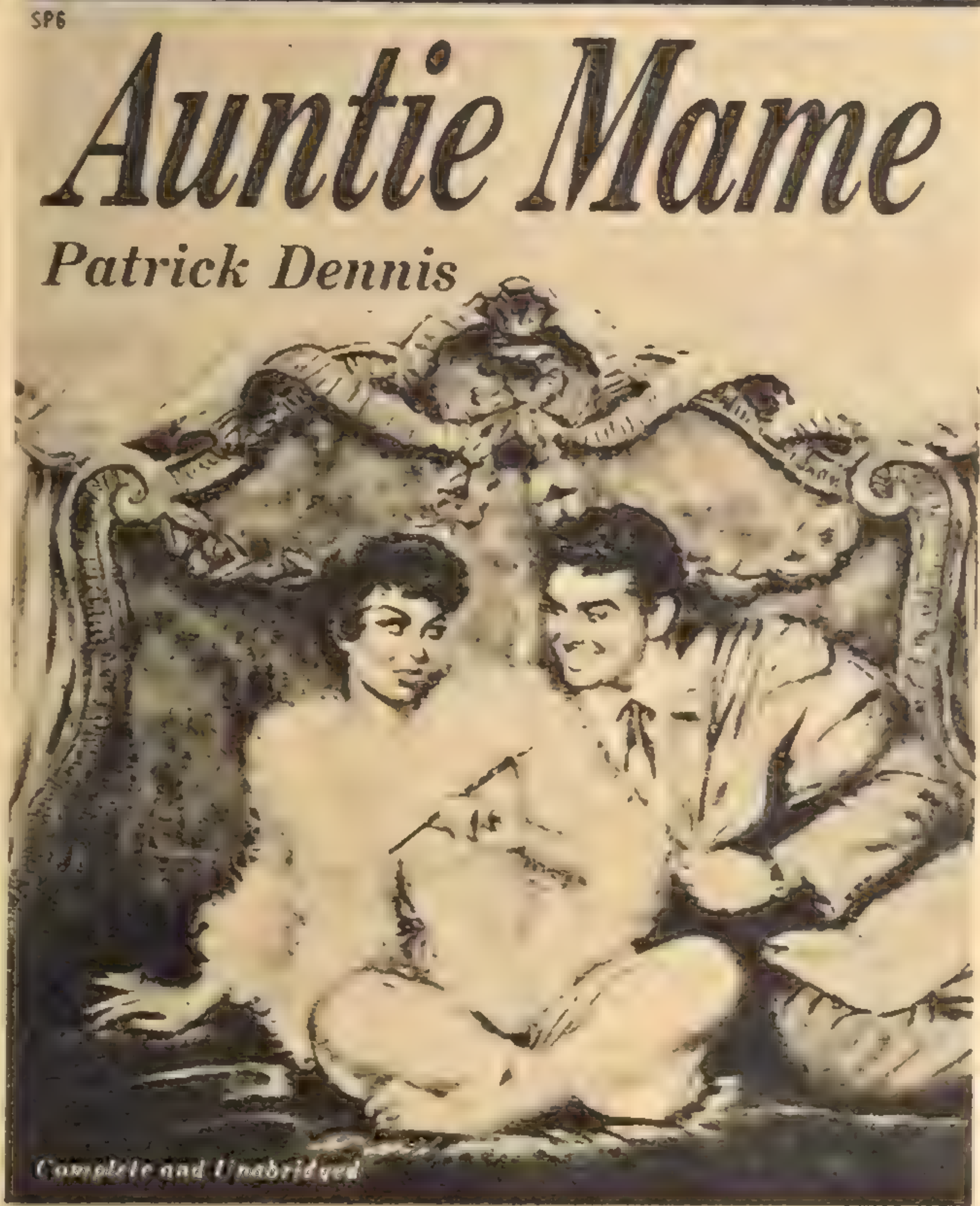
MORE than just a popular singer, Rosemary emcees own TV show, plans on resuming film career.

continued on page 64

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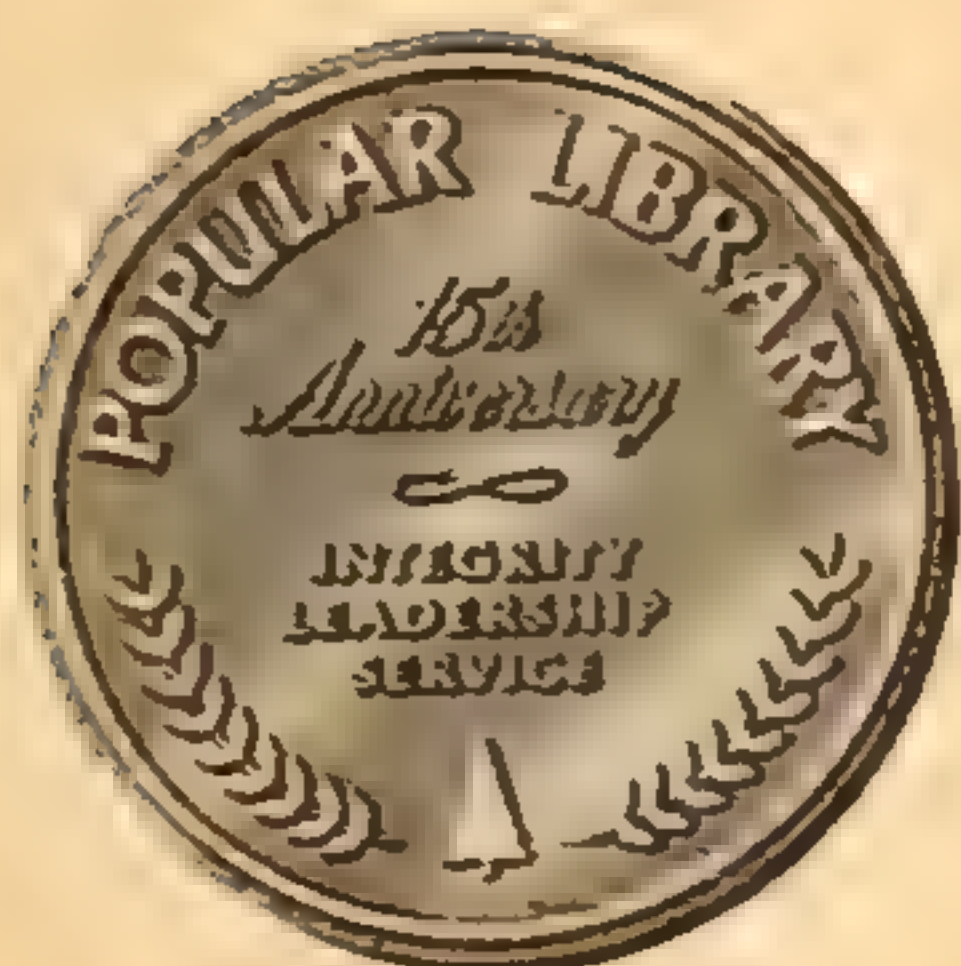
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continued

about at night except what the butcher had to say about the high price of meat or how the cleaner ruined Joe's new suit.

"I know that many, many women keep very busy with their homes and avoid this type of mental stagnation, but I'm afraid I'm not one of them. I've been working for so many years, it would be difficult for me to break the habit.

"Besides, Joe understands and respects my career. And I owe the continuation of it to a lot of people. After singing for ten years you build an organization and many people become dependent on you. You can't help feeling responsible to them."

TRY to give her credit for working on her TV shows while she was pregnant and she'll tell you to thank the designer, Marusia, who ran up some fashionable, flared coats that hid her condition.

Get her on the subject of her family and you forget that here's a girl who's already sold over 14,000,000 records in her young lifetime, made a slew of motion pictures and rises at 6:30 in the morning to report to the TV studio.

"Oh, I have fewer sacrifices than most to make," she says, with a shrug. "Being a singer is easier than having another kind of career. All you have to do is just get up and sing."

If you should point out that there are a lot of people who get up and try to sing but sound as if they're dying, she'll just laugh. A few million viewers may be entranced by the warm, easy charm that wafts into their living room come showtime, but Rosemary gets nothing but an eerie feeling watching herself on the screen (her show is on film). "It seems somehow indecent," she says, "looking at angles of me I never knew I possessed . . . I feel like I'm eavesdropping on a girl I know too well."

The girl she knows so well has been singing for as long as she can remember—from the time she was a toddler in Maysville, Kentucky, where her grandfather was usually the mayor, through the time in Cincinnati, Ohio, where she sang on radio with her sister, Betty, and was discovered by Tony Pastor; through three years with Pastor's band and the big break on TV in 1950 when she sang on "Songs For Sale," through nightclubs and records and Hollywood. She may do another movie after filming the rest of this season's TV shows, but she isn't sure.

"I want to work when Joe works so that I won't be on location in Timbuktu while he's home, or vice versa."

The last time Joe went off to London for a film, Rosemary went with him. So did their infant son, Miguel.

When they got back Jose was the first guest on her show.

"I liked that," she says. "I didn't have to pay him much money. The other thing I liked was that he's a wonderful perform-

er. He's a star and a personality in his own right, but he didn't try to take over."

It's been nearly a year now that the Ferrers, having arrived home, have stayed put in one place. That's a record for them. It's also a very nice place—a rambling, Spanish style house in California.

"The house looks very large as you approach it," Rosemary says, "but the former owner had it remodeled inside. He broke down a lot of walls so there aren't as many rooms as you'd expect. But what rooms there are are big."

There are mornings when she has no desire at all to leave that house which now has the look and feel of home. "Even though it was furnished when we got it three years ago, it's taken on our personality through the things we've added. "There's a swimming pool out back and we use it a lot. Joe likes to swim and he takes Miguel (who's going on two) into the pool and lets him paddle around. I'm so glad that Miguel isn't afraid of water, but still, we don't rush him. I don't believe in throwing kids in with that 'sink or swim' attitude some people have.

"You know, Jose has a special trick he does with Miguel about five times a day. Not in the pool, in the house. He leads Miguel to the center of the living room and orders him to put up his 'dukes.' Then Miguel and he dance around, sparring, and Joe falls to the floor for the count. Miguel counts. He's getting to be a ham about it. We think he's precocious," she adds, proudly.

Rosemary used to call Miguel, "the greatest accomplishment of my life," until Maria Providencia was born a few months ago. Now she says, "I want to have so many children Joe will have to wade through them to get into the front door at night."

As it is, he arrives about six every evening and wades through three Maltese Terriers and one Great Dane. "You know those big dogs who look so ferocious," Rosemary says, "they usually turn out to be gentle as lambs—so it is with Cuddles."



MOTHER of 18 months old Miguel (above) and baby Maria, Rosie's expecting another.

After Cuddles gets his licks in, Jose greets his wife and falls to the floor for Miguel. He's a doting father, but Maria will have to wait on the doting until she gets a little bigger. That shouldn't take very long.

"The climate out here is wonderful for bringing up kids," Rosemary explains, "and it's a great stimulant to the appetite.

"About two-and-a-half-years ago my kid sister, Gail, came out to live with us. She wasn't under-sized, but she was small. Now she's a giant. She towers over everyone in her class.

"Our life is wonderful," she adds, out of the blue. "It's pretty much like other business families. Joe goes to work every morning at nine. I do the cooking sometimes. On Thursdays and every other Sunday. The kind of cooking I like to do is to put everything in a pot and put the pot in the oven and wait for it to be done—on the assumption that you don't have to knock yourself out if you have any imagination at all.

"I go absolutely crazy over spices and sauces. I have a wonderful thing with a meat loaf . . ."

The wonderful thing is that even their friends like to eat it. So far, they've given only four Hollywood-scale parties. Usually, people just drop in.

"Our best friends," Rosemary is happy to tell you, "are director Stanley Donen and his wife, Marion Marshall, and Janet and Tony Curtis.

WE were at the hospital when Kelly (Janet's baby) was born. I will still pregnant then. Before Kelly was born Janet was always hanging around Miguel and watching him. When I was pregnant with Maria I kept watching Kelly—I don't know why. Anyway, Janet and I saw a lot of each other when we were pregnant. We kept giving advice to each other every five seconds."

On week-ends at home, Rosemary gets whatever advice she wants from Joe, and generally takes it lying around the pool.

"Before I got married I did a lot of horseback riding," she says. "And I always used the excuse that riding was the one and only sport I was interested in. I figured this would get me off the hook as far as playing tennis with Joe was concerned. I felt awfully lazy about getting out in the hot sun and running after a little ball. Didn't make any sense to me.

"So Joe said, 'All right, if you don't want to play tennis, I'll teach you how to play chess.'

"I tried playing chess but got nowhere. I just don't have that kind of mind."

"Horseback riding,' I'd tell him, loftily. 'That's my game.'

"You know what Joe did? He decided to take riding lessons. In three months he was jumping. There I was trotting and cantering along feeling superior and he's ready for the Olympic teams.

"Oh, well," she says with a broad and satisfied smile. "I just can't win." **END**

Girl With Three Dimensions

continued from page 57

To date, we seemed to have all the flamboyance of a cup custard.

"Well," said Kanter darkly, "she knows a lot of limericks. More limericks than anyone I ever knew."

Notes were made. "But I heard she wouldn't let anyone change her from Diana Dors, whatever the script might look like."

"And you heard wrong," said Kanter. "Take the hair-do. That hair-do's a trademark of hers. Remember Veronica Lake? Same deal. Well, I wanted her to change it for some scenes. Okay, she balked. So we persuaded her just to try it. Gave her a pony-tail, for instance. And when she saw the tests, she was crazy about 'em. There'll be changes all through the picture. Call that temperament? Or stubborn? She just has to be shown to her own satisfaction, that's all. And wouldn't you?"

As a matter of fact, RKO Publicity has had a little trouble with her. It's not the invasion-of-privacy thing, also known as what-I-do-away-from-the-studio-is-sacred. It's mainly that in England they handle it all differently. Not on the set, for example. In England, there's a time for chatter and a time for work and no mating of the twain.

"You won't be mad, will you," asked a publicist of a writer recently, "if she walks away from you while you're talking to her? You'll understand?"

The writer, who could imagine few experiences more exhilarating than Miss Dors walking away from him, protested he'd understand perfectly and when was the first bus heading that way?

Despite all the photographic uproar, it may yet be that Diana Dors is a not too familiar quality to American filmgoers. If this is so, it is easy to correct within limits, of course.

She was born in Swindon, England, on October 23, 1932, and decided over her first teething ring that a cinema star was the thing to be. In fact, she decided it when she was nine, but there would seem not much appreciable difference. She was going to be a film star and "have my own swimming pool and cream telephone."

From this, probably, is traceable Miss Dors' adamant stand until now against coming to Hollywood. Our braves here were talking too ruddy little money.

But whereas most stars, on both sides of the ocean, become stars first and acquire the trappings later, Miss Dors reversed the process; and with impressive shrewdness. Perceiving herself in a cinematic rut, she promptly up and bought a Rolls-Royce, half an acre of furs, and a private plane. These acquisitions were possible as a consequence of a couple of astute real estate brains—hers and her husband's (whom she's now rumored to

continued on page 67

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let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**

ANOTHER Sinatra prize package—an album titled "This Is Sinatra" that holds some of Frankie's more recent hits—points up the man's amazing versatility. All this and an Academy Award, too (Capitol) . . . An odd allegiance, **Sam The Man Taylor** on tenor sax and **Dick Hyman** at the organ, turns out to be a winning combination with a torchy treatment of "Blues In My Heart" and a successful search for the long-absent "Chlo-e" (M-G-M) . . . One of the newer voices that should cut quite a swath through the current crop of female singers, **Jerri Adams** offers a batch of standards in a Columbia album bearing the misnomer "It's Cool Inside." The lp is definitely a temperature raiser from "Let's Fall In Love" to "Love You Madly" . . . The **Crew Cuts** give their all for old Mercury U. on a pair of odes to higher education, "The Varsity Drag" and "Hall Of Ivy." Major letters for all the lads are in order . . . **Dean Martin** reincarnates "La Paloma" with new words and a new title, "The Look." It's lost nothing in the translation. The backing is an upbeat ditty "Give Me A Sign"—all original and all right (Capitol) . . . **Ray Conniff** and his completely compatible collection of voices and instruments enjoys a musical romp through a dozen familiar but far-from-hackneyed standards in an album appropriately titled, "S Wonderful" (Columbia).

Eartha Kitt's new album, "Thursday's Child," is somewhat of a musical accompaniment to her autobiography published under the same title. "Thursday's Child" is seven-days-a-week listening fare. Our particular favorite? "Lullaby Of Birdland" (Victor) . . . Looks like **Margaret Whiting** should have a big money-maker on her hands with the catchy novelty "The Money Tree"—a big and bouncy sound. The flip is a typical Whiting treatment which means an un-

typical presentation of the ballad, "Maybe I Love Him" (Capitol) . . . The irrepressible **Mr. Presley's** latest gift to his teeming multitudes is an album with the ultra-functional title of "Elvis." It supplies a dozen different reasons for his fantastic success (Victor) . . . "Swinging With Her Nibs" is an album that spotlights the driving offerings of **Georgia Gibbs** (naturally) with a wonderful rhythm section backing. Her Nibs leaves her audience exhausted but happy (Mercury) . . . Mr. and Mrs. Multiple Sound Tracks—**Les Paul** and **Mary Ford**—break the four-minute mile on the standard "Running Wild." The flip, at a slightly slower pace, is "Blow The Smoke Away" (Capitol) . . . **Patti Page** has taken Gordon Jenkins' supreme effort, "Manhattan Tower," and sung her way right through from beginning to end with nary a pause for some well-deserved applause (Mercury).

England's fountainhead of big band jazz, **Ted Heath** and his Orchestra, have two live ones back to back on the London label. Both "Canadian Sunset" and "Oriental Holiday" are smoothly solid and solidly smooth . . . The Divine Sarah, in an album titled, "Sassy Sarah Vaughan," on the EmArcy label, shows that **Miss Vaughan** isn't sassy at all, merely sensational . . . **Gisele MacKenzie** in a Vik album bearing her name, demonstrates how straight-forward singing with no vocal tricks up anybody's sleeve can be just the right formula. The tempo is varied; the quality is consistent . . . **Johnny Andrews** accompanied by the Joe Leahy Ork. put forth a paean of praise to "Stephanie." Flip is a musical primer on "Marriage And Divorce" (Unique). **END**

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EST.

GIRL WITH THREE DIMENSIONS

continued

be divorcing). After that, she became a star partly through osmosis.

For a while, though, it was tough. She won a bathing beauty contest at 13, fudging a year onto her age in the process; and at 14 enrolled in the London Academy of Dramatic Art. There she was proffered (and accepted) the Alexander Korda Cup as "the most promising future screen actress of the year," which boosted her morale stoutly, and the year after that she signed a ten-year contract with the formidable J. Arthur Rank.

For some years thereafter nothing very significant happened. Indeed, Diana returned to the stage for a spell, at first suffering and then succeeding in a mild way.

But it was no more than mild, so she went off on this Rolls-Royce pitch, and it proved a wowser. That, plus the plane and the pilot's license, plus the three dimensions, plus the great strides made in still photography, made the difference.

In the few years after the campaign began, Diana turned up in some 20 pictures and became as much a legend in Britannia as Miss Monroe was becoming here. Now that the swap has been affected, who is the richer?

Miss Dors, by the way, achieved in general what she had in mind in the first place. When in England, she occupies a Thameside house at a place called Bray, which is not far from London and whose incidental services include a private theatre (with leopard-skin seats), a sunken marble bath, a tennis court and a boat-house. But alas, no pool, no cream telephone. Or anyway, no mention of either.

Well, if you can afford 'em, you don't have to have 'em, as Shakespeare would have said if he'd thought about it. And meanwhile, Diana Dors, for a pre-stipulated sum exceeding half a million dollars, is with us for four pictures and possibly a lifetime.

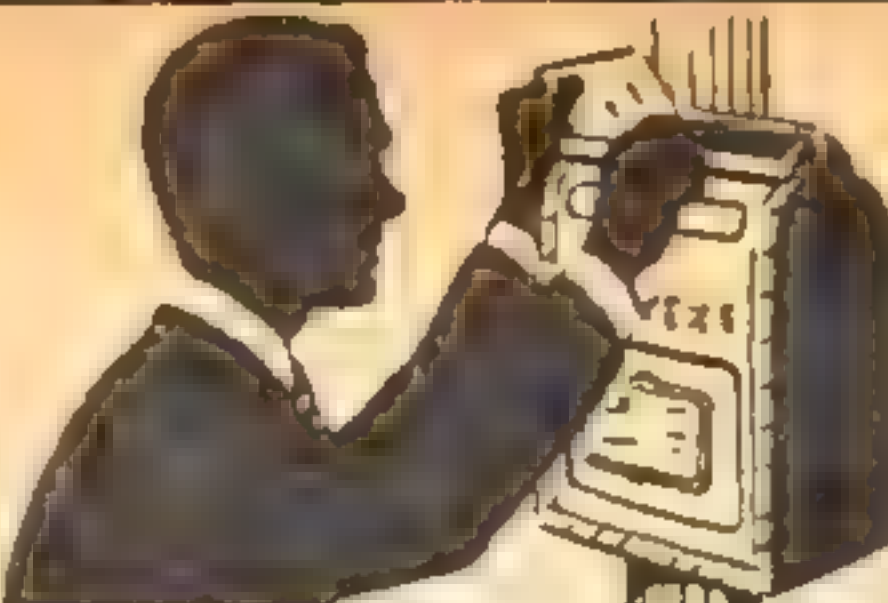
END

Rita Hayworth's Comeback Story!

continued from page 35

Partly, of course, this was also the result of both the gruesome summer heat and the shooting schedule requiring her to get up at five in the morning, while the filming lasted frequently until the last rays of sunshine. But even on her occasional days off, Rita kept pretty much to herself. She tried to go shopping one day but attracted such enormous crowds that she gave that up, too. Later in London, where the schedule was somewhat easier and the risks of being mobbed in public less great, she did have more of a social

continued on page 68



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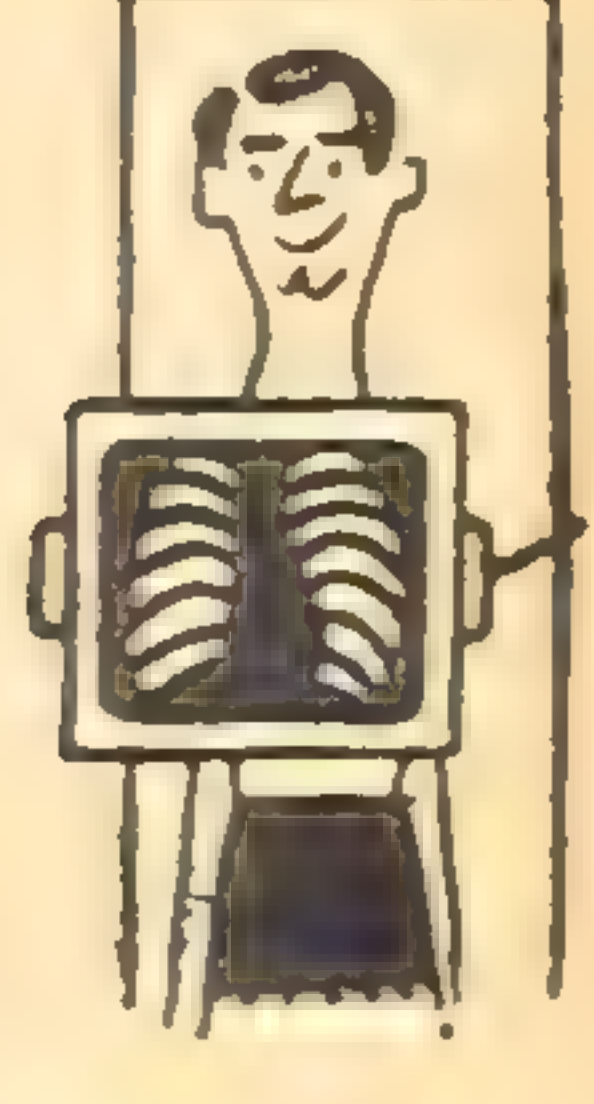
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RITA HAYWORTH'S COMEBACK STORY!

continued

life, going out dancing on some occasions and visiting friends, but all in all, her life was rather quiet even there, centering around her work and her children.

Rita has always been extremely popular with her co-workers and the technicians. script girls, hair-dressers and others on the set, and this hasn't changed. In Trinidad, her simplicity won over everybody who hadn't known and liked her before; she arrived alone, and all through her stay didn't have a personal maid, secretary or companion. Among the population of Trinidad, where she was much admired for her fair skin and red hair, her popularity reached an all time high when she donated a gold charm bracelet—of considerable sentimental value to her—to be raffled off for the benefit of a local ambulance brigade. It netted over \$10,000.

"Fire Down Below," including some bathing suit shots of Rita, will soon prove to her loyal fans that she hasn't lost either her fabulous figure, her looks, or her special brand of magnetism. But, despite her hard work, there was some question as to whether she had any real zest for it. "Of course, she never had much even when she was making Gilda," one studio executive explained. Nevertheless, there is considerable doubt in Hollywood whether she really wants her career.

Rita herself once said, "I like the excitement of making movies and I miss it when I'm away from it too long, but I guess I like it best in fairly small doses." After being away from the cameras for close to three years Rita unquestionably felt—along with understandable nervousness—a strong excitement at being back at work. But there's also no question that her principal reason for going back to work is the harsh fact that she needs the money. The former daughter-in-law of the man who is given his weight in diamonds each year on his birthday by his Moslem subjects, is now entirely dependent on her own earning ability for all of her personal needs. And the star whose pictures once grossed an unprecedented \$20,000,000 during one year, at present hasn't so much as a home of her own, a



NEITHER extremely ambitious nor dynamic, Rita's tremendous appeal lies in her femininity.

permanent address, or the means for the simpler luxuries of a movie star. She'll make her comeback all right, but it won't be more than a means to an end.

For Rita is essentially not a dynamic or highly ambitious person. It makes her fairly unique among top Hollywood stars, and it may even be the secret of her tremendous appeal. It's something that can only be summed up as femininity, a quality which rules out masculine drive almost by definition.

What Rita probably most looks for at this point in her life is a little peace and contentment. But it is doubtful whether she—or any other woman—can reach this goal without first finding love. And no major love interest appears to be on Rita's horizon at the moment.

Whether Rita has made mistakes in the past or whether she was just plain unlucky, the one thing that can never be said of her is that she was at any time scheming, selfish or calculating in the management of her heart. Chances are she won't change now. She'll probably marry again—and she'll marry again for love. Maybe she'll be luckier the next time than she was in the past. A lot of her friends—and there are a lot of them—sincerely hope so. Rita is one girl, they feel, who deserves a little luck. **END**

Don't Call Her "Wholesome"!

continued from page 27

heartened by this new discovery of hers.

As you must have gathered by this time, she loves to acquire new skills and she treasures new experiences. One of the skills she is attempting to acquire at the moment is the intricate art of rope twirling. She developed this yen recently when she was named "queen" of a local rodeo and watched the cowpokes doing tricks with their ropes. She admits that she

hasn't progressed very far with this new fad as yet, but she has hopes.

One of her recent experiments with new experiences and one she does not want to repeat was allowing herself to be hypnotized. The hypnotist "regressed" her to the age of five and she repeated some lines and sang snatches of a song from one of her first pictures.

She thinks, rather dubiously, that it all

may have been "interesting" but, despite the fact that the hypnotist told her she would wake next day feeling "fresh and wonderfully rested," the fact was that she woke up feeling horrible and suffered with shakes and morbid feelings for some 24 hours. Hypnotism, she has concluded, is definitely something to be avoided when practiced by amateurs. Even Natalie has to admit that there is such a thing as being *too* adventurous.

She already shows symptoms of being as capricious and changeable as many another beautiful woman before her. A year or so ago she was as thrilled as any other teenager would have been over the "real movie star bedroom" her family installed for her and all done in her favorite pink with a huge bed complete with a fluffy canopy and satin spread, thick velvety carpets, a TV set and, she said, "even a pink telephone!"

But now she thinks she would like a whole new deal about her personal little suite at home. "I want a really ultra-modern decor this time," she enthuses. "All black and white and bright red, with shiny flat surfaces and lots of metal and with those fascinating mobiles floating and twirling all over the place! Something really exciting. And maybe have my own private entrance and . . . Oh, I can hardly wait!"

She reacts strongly to color and it is extremely important to her. Sometimes she wears nothing but pink for an entire week and follows it with nothing but yellow for the next. Then she suddenly has the whim to scramble her colors and will emerge in vivid Hawaiian pants topped with gay multi-colored blouses.

She is completely unruffled when someone remarks that she looks as if she were dressed to be a "Hallowe'en spook." "This is how I feel like dressing just now," she nonchalantly observes.

"One thing you won't find me wearing," she says, with finality, "is one of those dear little gingham aprons. And one thing you won't find me doing is scrambling any eggs. I am *not* domestic. I guess I'm just not what is described as 'the home-body type'."

She has two dogs, but she collects stuffed members of the cat family—tigers, wildcats, leopards etc.—and likes to carry them with her to parties. Recently she has decided that it would be exciting to have a pet ocelot and is putting the pressure on her parents to get her one.

"It would be rather exotic," she muses, "and they say that after a couple of years they become a little dangerous . . ."

It is possible that the idea of a pet that is "a little dangerous" intrigues this adventurous girl.

Anyhow, life for anyone in Natalie's vicinity is never going to be dull. As for Natalie, herself, you can't imagine her ever enduring a solitary dull moment. She simply wouldn't put up with it. Hollywood is definitely a brighter place for having her around.

END

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ALL'S serene with Rhonda and her husband as they make like lovebirds during a night out.

for divorce on grounds of incompatibility and "grievous sufferings" at his hands.

Several days later, Dr. Morrill appeared at Rhonda's \$75,000 Bel Air mansion to plead his cause. Rhonda was listening to his reconciliation overtures in front of the fireplace when she asked him to go outside to fetch some firewood. He slipped on a rock and broke his leg in three places.

Up to this point, Rhonda's position had been summed up by her statement when she filed suit for divorce: "We were never really happy, and I believe it is best for both of us to end an unhappy marriage."

But Rhonda's resolve to cut loose from Morrill weakened progressively during his convalescence at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, where she sat by his bedside day in and day out.

"I wouldn't think," she began to hedge, "of pressing my divorce suit at this time, but I don't know that we will go back together."

Then suddenly she instructed her attorney to drop the suit, with the explanation: "We're back together again and very happy."

Indeed, in the flush of their reconciliation, Rhonda waxed ecstatic.

"I can't say," she smiled sheepishly, "that I appreciated his flying over that swimming pool in Palm Springs, but now I realize that if he loved me that much I'd better not let him get away. He's more important than any old career, and the career can go down the drain if it has to. We're going to try and be married for another 40 years. I'd rather have him than anyone else."

Whether it had to or not, Rhonda's career did not go down the drain. Quite the contrary, it was not long before it was her marriage that seemed headed down the drain again—far short of her hopeful 40-year quota.

Rhonda's marriage continued to be career-based, and her career took her to such faraway film-making bases as London and Rome. And wherever Rhonda went, her faithful husband was sure to go.

And wherever the gorgeous Mrs. Morrill appeared, she was the center of attraction, and this distracting state of affairs sparked the old fireworks. They scrapped in London, and they scrapped on Morrill's two visits to his wife in Rome. There, Rhonda revealed: "I told him that I could no longer live with him and that I wanted my freedom."

She announced plans to effect this emancipation in a pre-Christmas quickie divorce in Switzerland. Again her plans failed to take into account the tenacity of her husband's devotion or the extent of his resourcefulness. Proceedings were balked by litigation over her Bel Air home, and Rhonda returned to Hollywood without a Swiss divorce on her husband's promise to vacate the house on her arrival in California. She made it clear that her first order of business, upon her homecoming, would be to file suit for divorce.

But when Rhonda got home, Morrill refused to live up to his bargain. He didn't at first appear to do his cause any good when he declined to leave the house—although it would seem that he would have given up the premises with much less reluctance than he was prepared to surrender Miss Fleming. In Rhonda's own heated words in the flush of this impasse:

"I can't get a court order until Monday to have him evicted from my house. So my son (a boy, Kent, 12, by her first marriage) and I will go to a hotel. I couldn't even sleep in a bedroom. I had to sleep on the couch because he wouldn't move out of my bedroom."

IT wasn't long, however, before Dr. Morrill changed his tactics, an event which appeared to produce an almost immediate change of heart in Rhonda.

"I went out and stayed in a hotel," she said without rancor, "and do you know, the next day Lew decided to be a gentleman and move."

His voluntary exile was short-lived. Rhonda abandoned her seemingly resolute divorce plans, and she gave herself to the rapture of another fervent reconciliation. Everything was sublime for more than a year until the old wounds opened, and a blistering embroglio sent her flying to Mexico for a divorce. Then Dr. Morrill filed his counter-suit in California, whereupon both of them forsook their divorce actions and plunged into their umpteenth reconciliation.

The reconciliation, it must be noted, did not noticeably interfere with Rhonda's career. From "Gunfight At OK Corral" with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas at Paramount, Rhonda, back with her husband, went into "Gun Glory" with Stewart Granger at MGM.

As she has said in the past:

"I believe I function much better when I'm married."

Thus it would seem destined to go as Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill live—alternately together and apart—scrappily ever after. **END**

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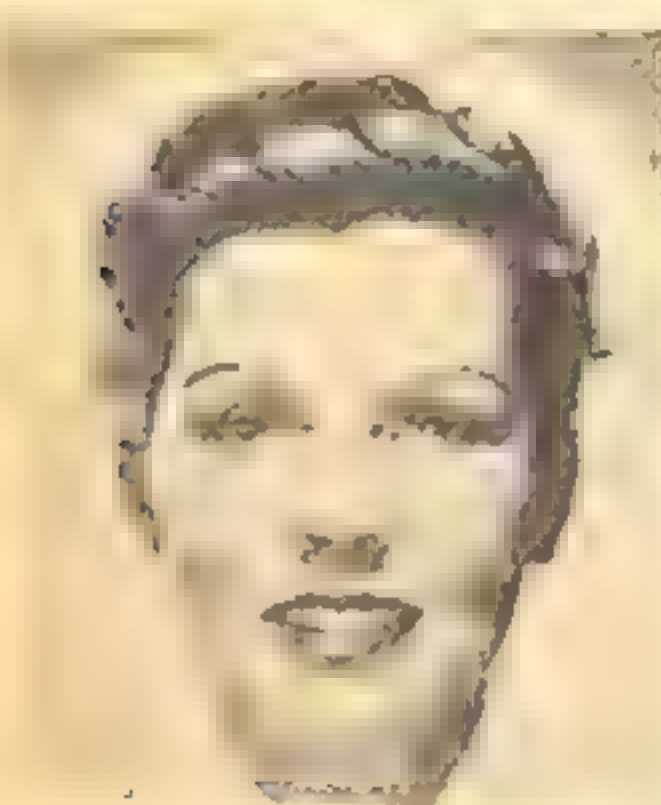


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FS Is Milder, Much Milder

continued from page 60

Frank lives as indefatigably as he works.

"I like the pace," Frank put it simply. "The pace presents itself to me now. I don't know how it will be a few years from now, but right at the moment I'm terribly contented."

"I've cultivated a wonderful group of friends," Frank explored his state of contentment. "I have a small circle of friends today—real friends, friends I want—instead of thousands. My kids are grown up. They're at an age where I can enjoy them, and they can enjoy being with me."

Frank didn't drag out the family snapshots, but the warmth and the pride were in his eyes and in his voice. His daughter, Nancy, a very pretty and bright young lady, will be 17 in June. His son, Frank Jr., is 13, and his youngest daughter, Tina, is 9. It is unusual for Frank to discuss his children, but this time he indulged the luxury—albeit with careful restraint lest he sound like a boastful parent. There was no need for the caution. He made the noises of a thoughtful and loving father.

"Now they understand a little more," Frank pointed out, "because of their musical background. They're all studying piano, and each one is more advanced than the other in terms of their age."

This seemed to bring special pleasure to Frank.

"I have never played an instrument and can't read a note," he owned up. It was clear that it meant a lot to him for his kids to master something that he hadn't, despite the fact that playing music and

life by ear had scarcely proved an inadequate formula for him.

"As I was saying," he returned to his original thought, "now they understand a little more because of their musical background. I can take them to concerts, to the opera—especially I can take the older ones to plays, too. These are things I would do anyhow, and now I can do it with them. Everyone is happier all around. Our general discussions are much more fun, too. Naturally, they're much more intelligent than they were five or seven years ago."

"Frankie," he said approvingly, "shows real promise as a composer. He writes little pieces, sort of piano pieces, very light kind of things. He seems anxious to go that way. Frankie sings a little, but you've gotta kind of push him into it. But he talks a lot about composing, and I think he'll follow that. He's got a great retentive memory, the boy has."

Frank allowed cautiously that his daughter Nancy might try to make a niche for herself as a singer, but he pointed out:

"She's up and down with her school problems right now. You know how it is. She can't quite make up her mind."

Not long ago, Frankie thrilled his daughter and regaled some 2,400 fellow students at University High by showing up at the school auditorium with a four-piece combo, and arm-in-arm with Nancy on stage, singing a duet of "Side By Side."

Frank's warm relationship with his chil-

continued on page 74

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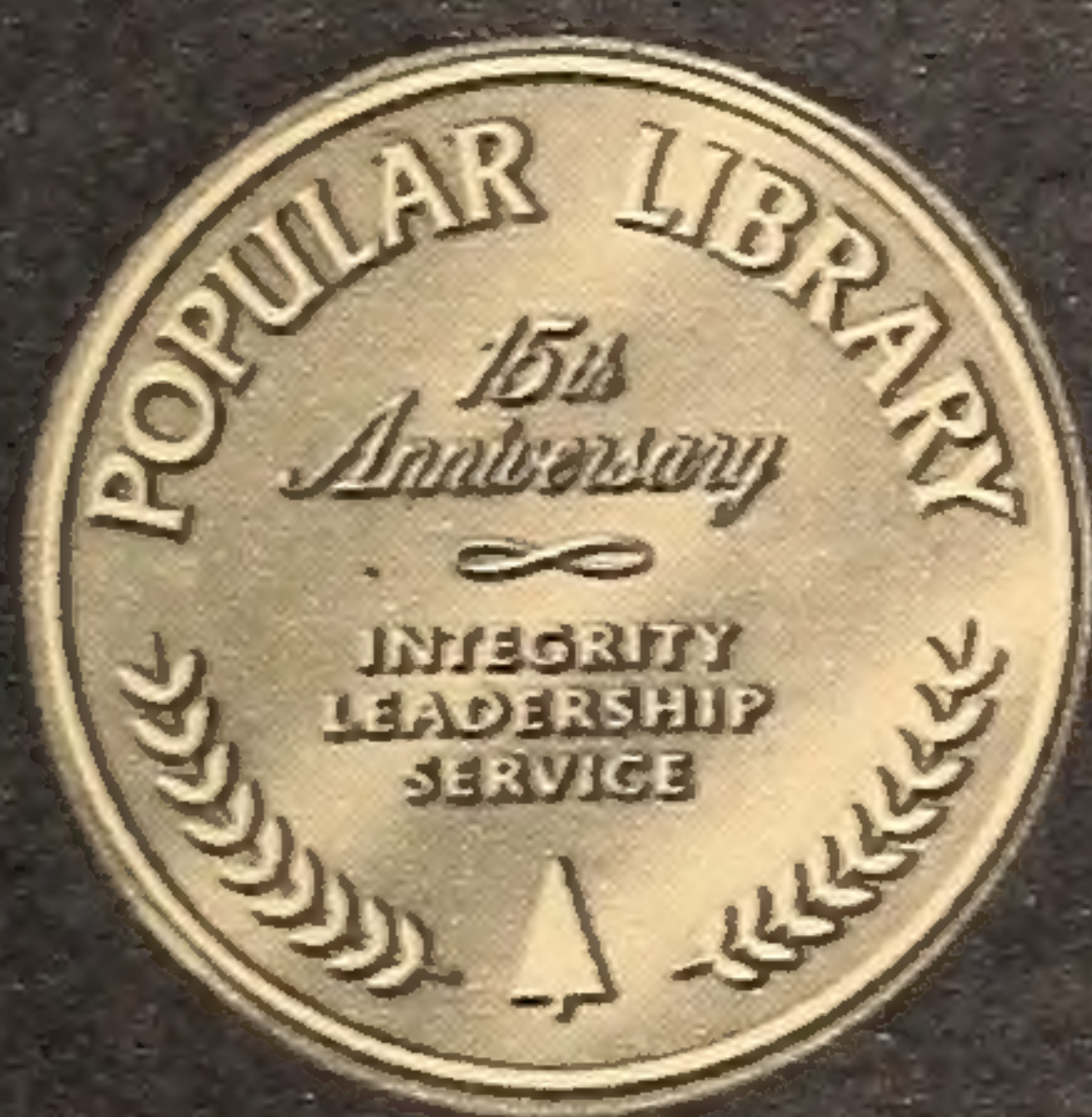
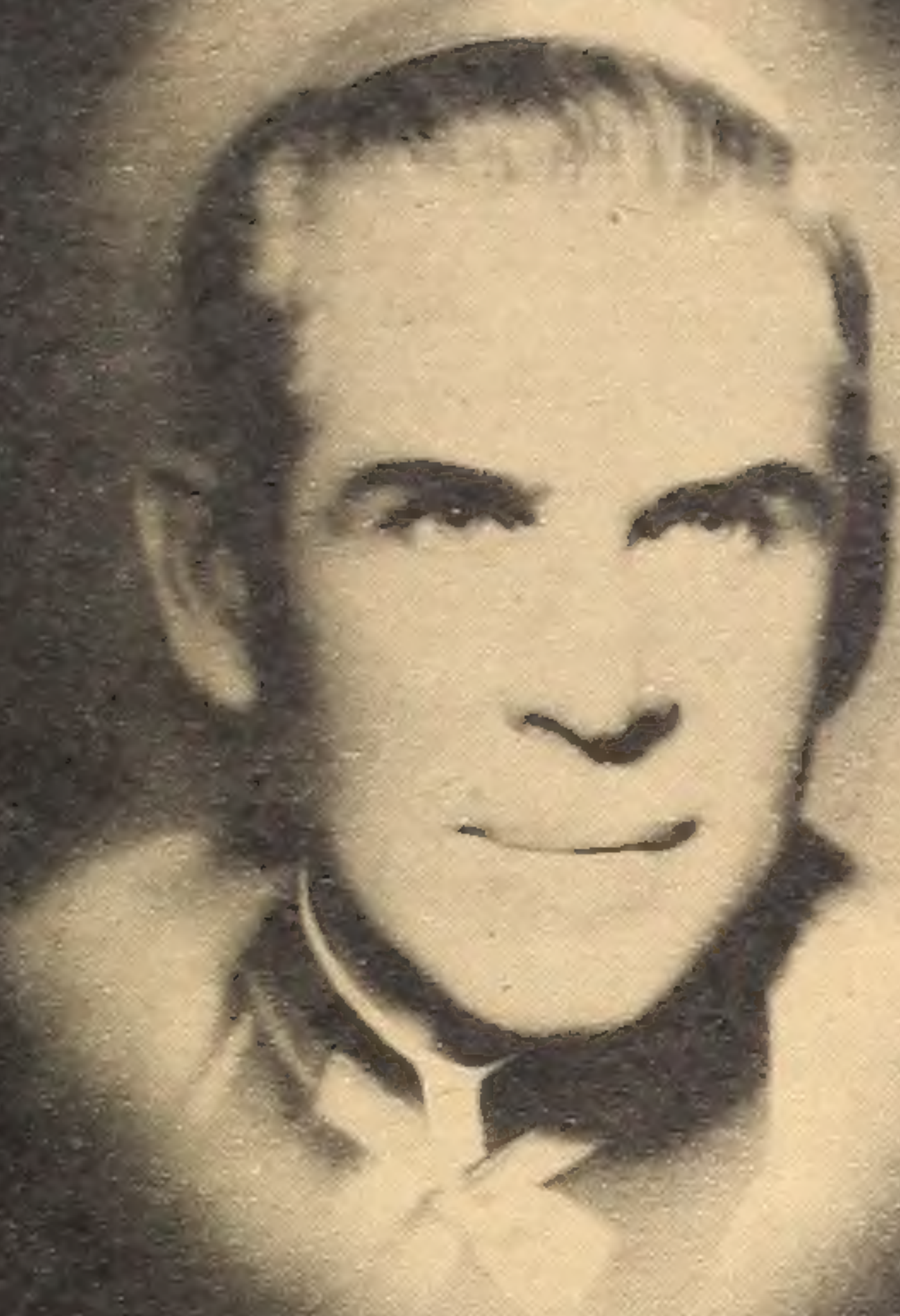
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continued

dren is doubtless an important factor in his contentment, but significantly he is pleased as he has never been before with his relationship with himself.

"My mental outlook and faculties, if anything, are much brighter than they were before," he told me earnestly. "I'm more aware of more things than I was before. I mean—a few years ago, ten or eight years ago, I was aware of only one of two things, show business and baseball. I've always been a big reader. But I used to read books and never bother to get much out of them. I read them for the joy of reading, to kill time. Now there's an imprint left. I read on a different basis. I get something out of a book now."

The fact is that while the newspapers remorselessly try to dream up new romances for Frankie, he has been privately pursuing a romance with culture, with the growth and improvement of his mind. It has become a common sight at Paramount to see Frank reading the works of philosopher Arnold Toynbee or such books as Meyer Levin's much discussed novel about the Leopold and Loeb case, "Compulsion." Unheralded, the Frank Sinatra so celebrated for his adventures in night clubs, has invaded new realms—realms he considers far more exciting and rewarding.

"I am now interested in so many more things than I used to be," he reiterated eagerly. "For instance, I have a much more interested outlook on world problems. I read just about everything on the subject in the newspapers and magazines, and I find myself trying to find out why we have these international problems.

"I've been going through a kind of self-study of the constellations," he revealed. "A friend of mine is a student of the constellations, and he got me interested in it. I remembered the subject vaguely from school. Now it's become exciting. Since then I've bought a lot of academic books on the constellations. I get a lot of fun out of it. I find it fascinating and most delightful.

"I've also been studying the different schools of painting," he told me enthusiastically, "back to the old masters and up to the modern paintings. Now I know them when I see them and I understand them. I like good paintings, and I have a lot around the house."

He finally gave up his bachelor apartment on Wilshire Boulevard and built a Japanese modern home.

"I can't spend enough time there," he said regretfully. "I've been so busy. It's a small house, you know, but it's a nice house. Paul Williams built it."

"Isn't he the Negro architect?" I asked.

"Yes," Frank lighted up, "and his daughter, Mrs. Norma Harvey, did the interior decorations. They're Japanese modern, too."

When asked to enumerate his friends, Frank said, with a touch of diplomacy, "I'd rather not mention them because I



FRANKIE lives as indefatigably as he works. "I like the pace," he explains simply.

wouldn't want to leave any out. There's a wonderful humor, understanding and affection with them. I visit at their homes and they visit mine. If I don't call them or they don't call me nobody gets angry. No one calls out of a sense of duty."

I wondered if the mellowing process had anything to do with the inexorable march of years.

"I'm not too aware of it," Frank grinned in a tone that suggested the thought never had occurred to him. "I'm not one for counting birthdays. Physically, thank God, I'm in fine condition."

Frank wasn't too inclined to analyze

the serenity and contentment that had taken hold of him.

"It presented itself finally," he summed it up tersely. "It was always a disorganized thing with me for years, and finally everything fell in its place."

One subject was discreetly overlooked—the women in Frank's life. He had been dating pretty, dark-haired Peggy Connolly. Kim Novak, his sweetheart of "The Man With The Golden Arm," had made several safaris to Las Vegas to catch him singing at the Sands. Ava Gardner, still legally married to him, was on the eve of returning to Hollywood, ostensibly with the intention of reactivating her long dormant divorce action.

Not long ago Frank had said, when the possibility of seeing Ava again was mentioned, "If I meet Ava, it will be in some public place. It will be a casual matter. Hello, how are you and goodbye."

As for the chances of reconciliation, he had commented, "There would have to be a complete change—but complete. I don't believe that could happen."

I made so bold as to ask Frank if there was any danger of his marrying again.

"I don't want to talk about that," he frowned.

But it wasn't that he didn't have any blueprints for the future.

"All I plan to do," Frank Sinatra smiled that infectious smile of his, "is work hard and live my life as it is—easy, comfortable and peaceful."

And that sums up his new look—easy, comfortable and peaceful.

END

Coming Attractions

continued from page 12

get the chummiest ever. Juicy character studies laced together real fancy-like with symbolism and sex. (Warner Bros.)

7th Cavalry

IN his natural habitat, the Wild West,

Randolph Scott assumes a sort of protective Technicoloration. This tendency stands him in good stead when the going gets rough. Captain of a troop in General George Armstrong Custer's famed 7th Cavalry, Scott escaped certain death when he was absent from duty the day Custer and around 200 of his men were massacred at the Little Bighorn. While the slaughter was raging, Scott was off on the unmilitary assignment of courting Barbara Hale. His absence was ordered by Custer but that explanation doesn't set well with the widows of the slain troopers. On the brink of being cashiered out of the Army, Scott redeems himself nobly by going into the Sioux territory to reclaim the bodies of the heroic dead. Jay C. Flippen and Frank Faylen, looking appropriately grizzled and guzzled, are on hand to further plague the suffering Scott. (Columbia.)

The Barretts Of Wimpole Street

PUBLISHERS of poetry should be eternally grateful for the true love story of Elizabeth Barrett (Jennifer Jones) and Robert Browning (Bill Travers). The romance between these two great literary figures has always delighted the sentimentalists, intrigued students of psychology and boosted sales of "Sonnets From The Portuguese." Kept virtually a prisoner by father John Gielgud, frail Elizabeth's life is about as healthy as a dank cellar after a rainy spell. Barging into this damp dungeon of emotions, Browning brings the bracing air of the Scottish Highlands. For the first time, Elizabeth realizes her life and sanity are in jeopardy because of Daddy Gielgud's tendencies. When he finally admits his unpaternal thoughts, Elizabeth quits 50 Wimpole Street and heads for the curative powers of Browning and Italy. This has all the ingredients of the perfect love story and no doubt served as the genteel pattern for countless let-me-take-you-away-from-all-these-dramas. (MGM.)

END

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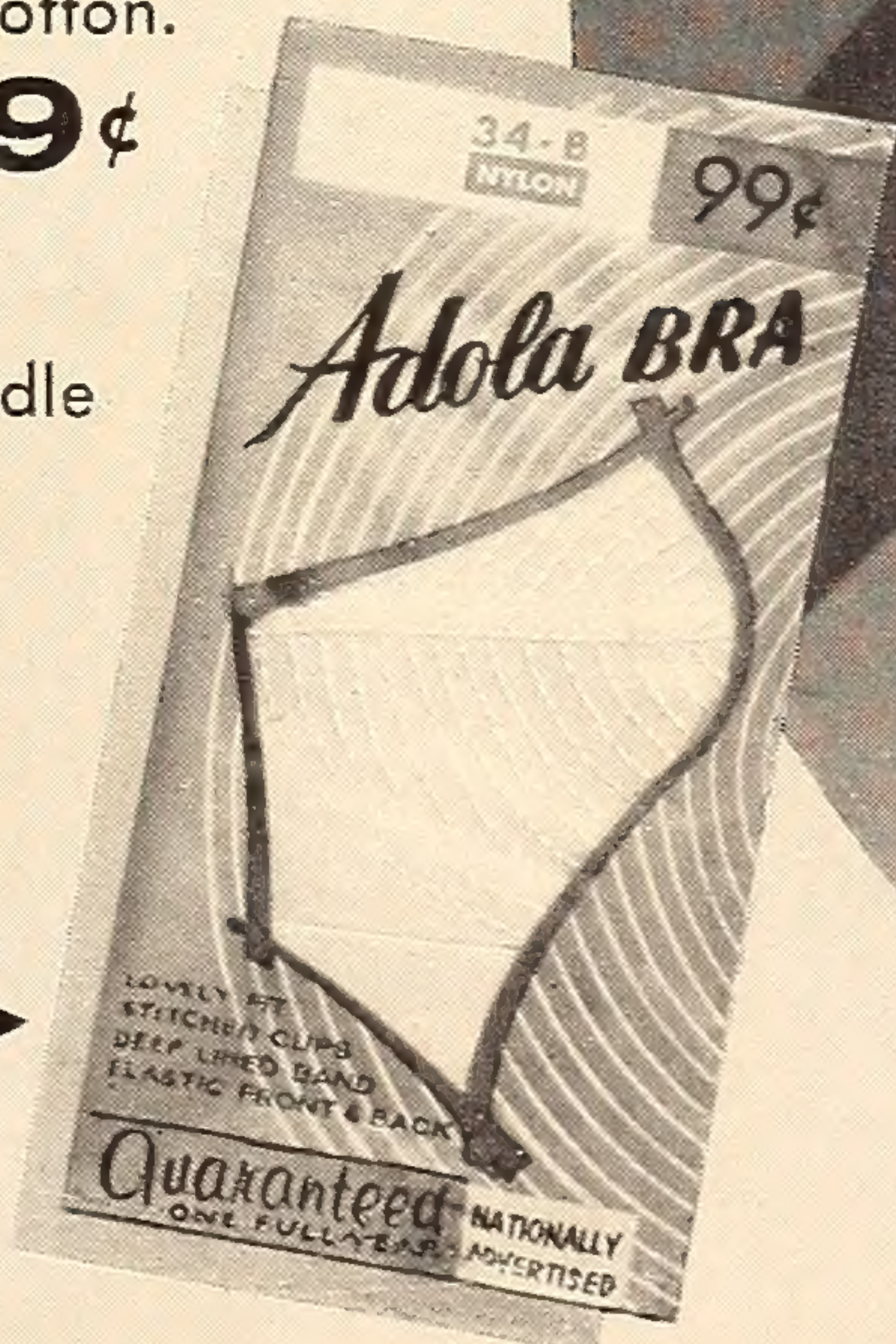
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